

75 CENTS

JANUARY 27, 1975

TIM

**Doctoring
the Economy**
What Will Work?



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it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

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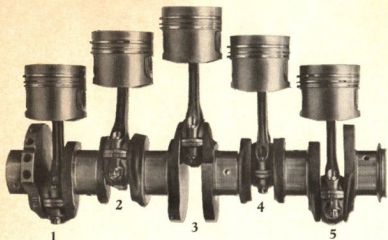


DALE CARNEGIE COURSE

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Again
Mercedes-Benz quietly astonishes
the engineering world.
Announcing
the new Mercedes-Benz 300D.
The world's only 5-cylinder
automobile.





Internal workings of the new 300D, the world's only 5-cylinder automobile.

Raising the eyebrows of the engineering world is not new to Mercedes-Benz. We did it when we invented the automobile in 1886. We did it when we introduced the world's first production Diesel passenger car in 1936. Now, with the introduction of a 5-cylinder automobile—the new 300D—we've done it again.

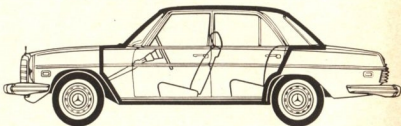
The 5-cylinder 300D clearly flies in the face of engineering convention. It establishes a whole new category of Diesel—a whole new category of automobile.

Why a 5-cylinder?

Mercedes-Benz wanted to make a performance Diesel. A new car that had much greater horsepower and torque, but did not sacrifice the

crease would have to come from an entirely different engine. Not one with bigger cylinders—one with more cylinders.

If engineering convention were to be served, the next step up from our standard 4-cylinder Diesel should have been a 6-cylinder engine. But because of the strength necessities particular to all Diesels,



Safety first. A rigid, steel safety cell encloses the entire passenger compartment.

it follows that a 6-cylinder Diesel would have to be substantially larger and heavier than a 4-cylinder.

The Mercedes-Benz solution was characteristically unconventional: A 5-cylinder Diesel engine.

The most advanced Diesel

Even for the Mercedes-Benz engineers, the 5-cylinder Diesel engine was quite a challenge. But their efforts were worthwhile. They made it work.

The new engine's size was set at 3 liters. Torque was raised nearly 20%. Horsepower was up a full 25% over any previous Mercedes-Benz Diesel. The result is the new 300D, the

most advanced Diesel passenger car the world has ever seen.

**24 mpg in town,
31 on the highway**

Increased performance does not mean decreased economy. According to the most recent Federal E.P.A. test report, the new 300D can get up to 24 miles in city driving, and up to 31 miles per gallon on the open highway. And since Diesel fuel is usually cheaper than gasoline, the 300D goes more miles on cheaper gallons.

Performance, economy, luxury

While the new 300D acts like an economy car, it doesn't look or feel like one. In every major appointment, it is equal to the Mercedes-Benz 280. It blends performance and economy in a luxury package.

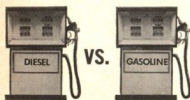
A final thought. No manufacturer anywhere in the world has a greater safety involvement than Mercedes-Benz. Evidence of the dec-

ades of Mercedes-Benz safety engineering is everywhere in the 300 Diesel. Before the 300D, nobody had heard of a 5-cylinder Diesel car, much less seen one. So, it's only natural that the 300D should cause some very educated, engineering heads to be scratched. But now you can examine one, sit in one, drive one. It's waiting for you. Arrange a test drive with your local Mercedes-Benz dealer.



Mercedes-Benz
Engineered like no other car
in the world.

©Mercedes-Benz, 1974



Countrywide, Diesel fuel averages about 3¢ less than gasoline. So the new 300D goes more miles on cheaper gallons.

economy and reliability of previous Mercedes-Benz Diesels.

Nearly four decades of Diesel experience told the Mercedes-Benz engineers that a major power in-

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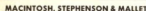
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Jackie O. or Liz Taylor. We especially like out-of-character shots or incidents." The New York staff is aided by correspondents and photographers monitoring celebrity watering holes in London, Paris, Rome, Hollywood and Washington.

People is a TIME tradition that began when the new in our first issue (March 3, 1923) was lightened by "Imaginary Interviews" with that week's newsmakers: Jack Dempsey, Prince George, Henry Ford Sr. and Benito Mussolini. In the decades since, People has become one of the most popular sections in the magazine. Many readers turn to it first for sort of an editorial hors d'oeuvre because of its varied items, some funny, some nostalgic, some simply newswy. Says Senior Editor Martha Duffy, who has edited the section for more than a year: "It is often the lightest part of the magazine, full of incongruities and wit." Gina Mallett has her own analysis of why people need People. Says she, "As Marshall McLuhan once told us, 'Gossip and malice are supreme forms of entertainment and control.'"

Ralph P. Davidson

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Then color television.

Then Trinitron®

Trinitron is not made like other color TV sets. And if you're about to buy one, you owe it to yourself to understand the difference.

Here goes. Feel free to ask questions.

The one gun that Trinitron has is located in the neck of the picture tube.

It shoots electron beams through a single lens to the screen. You see the beams in the form of a picture.

Other sets have three guns. They shoot electron beams through three small lenses.

Why is one big lens so much better? The larger the lens, the less the distortion.

So bigger gives you a sharper and better focused picture.

Also, these aren't your run-of-the-mill beams we're shooting.

Because only Trinitron has something called an Aperture Grille.

Translated: The picture you see is made up of unbroken stripes, not isolated dots or slots.

So, add an Aperture Grille and you have a brighter picture.

Brighter, sharper, better-focused and needless to say all-solid-state.

That's Sony Trinitron.

O.K., any questions? We'll answer them all in a 12-page Trinitron pamphlet.

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Let him explain the beauty of our unique one-gun, one-lens system. He's got an advantage.

He can show you the picture.

"IT'S A SONY."

How a dishwasher company cornered its compactor market.

20 years ago, few people owned dishwashers, and the compactor simply didn't exist. Today, 1 in 7 metropolitan families owns a dishwasher and the compactor market is slowly expanding.

A major appliance maker recently considered two different ways to broaden both markets. One was mass advertising aimed at prospective first-time users. The other was concentrated advertising on past customers to generate repeat sales. ZIP Marketing was used to study the feasibility of both strategies.

With Chicago as a test market, we examined thousands of warranty cards for the residential patterns of past customers. We found sales concentrated in certain ZIP Code areas that bore a striking resemblance to each other when studied under the lens of U.S. Census household income data. We learned that 3 in 10 upper-income families own a dishwasher. But less than 1 in 10 middle- and low-income families own one.

82% of this company's sales had in fact occurred in ZIPs that comprise only two-fifths of the population. *Almost half these sales were of replacement units.*

But the most startling discovery was that 95% of the compactor market consists of families who already own a dishwasher.

The findings strongly indicated that marketing strategy, media planning and dealership locations should concentrate on those specific ZIPs where money, product familiarity and repeat sales coincide.

Of course, ZIP Marketing analysis works equally well for other industries: automobiles, insurance, home furnishings, travel, even package goods. It gives you a geographic fix on sales and a demographic fix on customers, unavailable from any other data source.

Now, what can we do for you and your market?

Ask your TIME representative for the facts on ZIP Marketing.



TIME:ZIP Marketing

In a changing world,
our tradition of quality
will never change.

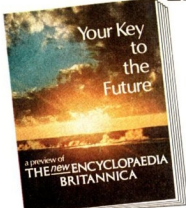
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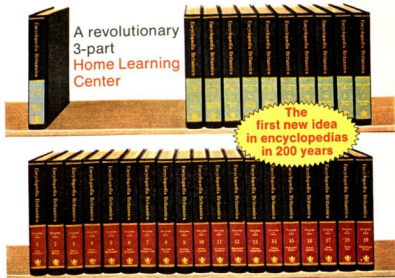


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I Fell In Love
With A Micropedia

Sound crazy? Maybe it is. But a short time ago I had an opportunity to get a sneak preview of Britannica's brand new encyclopedia and, believe me, it's nothing like the old one that my family cherished for years. In fact, this one is in three parts, and—hold your hat—the part I like most is called the Micropedia!

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NAT & DAVID DRACH IN VIOLONS

Pogrom Practices

LES VIOLONS DU BAL

Directed and Written by MICHEL DRACH

Although not all French films are about childhood, in times like these most appear to be. Many, recently, have also concerned the German occupation during World War II. Louis Malle's *Lacombe, Lucien* (TIME, Oct. 14) is the most prominent among them; a steady, serious film, and vastly better than *Les Violons du Bal*. Both movies are about the humiliation and extermination of Jews, related through the experiences of a youthful protagonist. But all that was thoughtful in Malle's movie becomes smarmy in *Les Violons du Bal*—politics crushed into pastels for a Sunday painter's palette.

The boy hero here is a little baffled by the fear and quick violence all about him. His father, off in Spain, is never seen. His sister drops out of sight and becomes a fashion model who plays cozy with the Germans while looking for a chance to make her escape. Michel, the boy, lives with his mother and grandmother, and is subjected to playground and schoolroom humiliations because he is a Jew. His mother, trying to remain inconspicuous, changes the family name and shuttles from one apartment to another. But there is no way to avoid the pogrom except to flee the country. She sends Michel ahead, joins him later with her mother, and the three try to cross the border to Switzerland and safety.

The film, Drach's autobiography, is given direct correspondence in the present because the director, now 42, also intercuts and dramatizes his tribulations in getting *Les Violons du Bal* on the screen. Drach at first appears as himself, but soon, pushed by star-hungry producers, casts Jean-Louis Trintignant in the role. Drach's wife,

Marie-Josée Nat, shows up in the flashbacks, playing—nicely if unspectacularly—his mother; Drach's son David shows up as the boy Michel. The familial casting forms cozy Pirandellian arabesques, but they are merely decoration.

There is a fulsome quality about the movie, a certain disingenuousness. *Les Violons du Bal* (the title translates literally as *Violins at the Ball*, or idiomatically—according to Drach—as *Others Call the Tune*) demands our sympathy with all the sanctimony of someone collecting door to door for a favorite charity. Drach grabs at the heartstrings with harpy's fingers. "Mama," says handsome little Michel, moist-eyed, "what's a Jew?" When the story threatens to go pallid, Drach drums up suspense. The episode of escape across the border could have come out of some prison-camp melodrama: snarling dogs, relentless Nazis armed with machine guns, and desperate scrambles through thick woods, open fields and barbed wire.

Drach contrives to make anyone who might remain unmoved feel like a Philistine and a bigot. At the outset he resorts to the sophomore's trick of putting all possible objections into the mouths of nitwits. An antsy cameraman asks rather perceptively, "What was so special about your childhood?" Drach's answer, "It was mine," is intended to disarm, but only reinforces the question.

■ Jay Cocks

Tactful Tragedy

BLACK THURSDAY

Directed by MICHEL MITRIANI

Screenplay by ALBERT COSSERY and MICHEL MITRIANI

Black Thursday is another, but better, French film of the Holocaust years. On July 16, 1942, the Paris police, acting under orders of the German occupying army, began a mostly polite roundup of some 13,000 Jews. Reassured by the manner of the gendarmes, by ignorance of what was going on elsewhere in Europe, and by a belief that the worst could not happen in France, the 13,000 who were to die offered no resistance as they were herded into familiar city buses to begin a journey that ended in the extermination camps.

Black Thursday is the deceptively simple story of what one man and one woman did on that day. The man (Christian Rist) is a Gentile and a leftist, a student who has been tipped off about the full implications of the raid and who is determined to try to save a few people, at least. The woman (Christine Pascal) is the only person he encounters who finally believes him. Everyone else is convinced that he is crazy, or a provoc-

ateur, or a pervert who has concocted an elaborate story to aid him in abducting women.

Belief, however, resolves nothing. For now the shy and childlike woman must come to grips with the unhelping knowledge that the only community, the only life she has ever known, has been quietly removed, wiped out in hours, and that despite this trauma (or perhaps because of it), she seems to be falling in love with her savior. Director Mitriani's film is not an angry attempt to stir his countrymen to excesses of posthumous guilt. In the world he re-creates, many approve of the German outrage, or try to turn it to their economic advantage. In some it awakens compassion and a desire, aborted by fear, to help the victims. In only a few does courage combine with moral outrage to produce action. In short, the French behaved like all humanity, neither better nor worse than others confronted by a crisis of conscience. One might wish for a better match-up between the ideal and the real, but it is a mark of mature, psychologically acute art to recognize and accept this state of affairs as one of the tragedies of existence. *Black Thursday* represents such work; and it explores that tragedy with delicacy, tact and an abiding sympathy.

■ Richard Schickel



FINCH (LEFT) IN LAST DAYS

Funny Future Shock

THE LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH

Directed and Written by ROBERT FUEST

The computer that can save the world is in Lapland, stashed in a hidden, subterranean laboratory. Just so there should be no mistake, the thing bears this sign, discreet but emphatic: THE MOST COMPLEX COMPUTER IN THE WORLD. DO NOT TOUCH. The trouble is with those who are allowed to touch it,

Presenting the Kodak Moviedeck projector. A beautiful way to look at your movies.



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Kodak Moviedeck 
projector.

CINEMA

three slightly awry scientists and their collaborator, a splendidly long and sexy programmer, openhanded but calculating about distributing her favors. The world is coming to an end, and this quartet is the only hope. At least, that is what they say.

Our hero, a Nobel-prizewinning researcher named Jerry Cornelius (Jon Finch), is rather skeptical about it all or, more properly, about the scientists and the girl. There is no doubt that the world is ending. There are riots, famine and martial law in Calcutta. Amsterdam has just been accidentally A-bombed into, as an American major (Sterling Hayden) puts it enthusiastically: "Twenty-eight square miles of white ash." The U.S. magnanimously offers to pay reparations to the five survivors, but settling of accounts is of secondary importance in such parlous, fissile times. Cornelius, the programmer (Jenny Runacre) and the three scientists rather tentatively join forces to avert Armageddon and usher in a new age. It will be the time of what Cornelius' exophthalmic guru (Hugh Griffith) calls a "new messiah, born of an age of science." At the end of this giddy, spectacular and sometimes quite funny fantasy, the neo-messiah makes his debut. A bit of a letdown—he would almost have to be—he is also guaranteed to be what you would hardly expect.

The Last Days of Man on Earth is decked out with an abundance of style by Robert Fuest, who designed, directed and wrote it, somewhat overreaching himself in that last department. The movie, even though adapted from a novel by Science-Fiction Specialist Michael Moorcock, is chaotic for most of its first half. It is also a great deal of fun.

The film is a mad send-up of future shock and the trappings of conventional sci-fi, but it works as a kind of crack-brained adventure. Fuest, who made his reputation with a couple of fang-in-cheek vampire flicks, has a good time parading Hero Jon Finch about in black—a color scheme observed even in his nail polish and toothbrush but modified in his shirts, which are sparkling white and ruffled, like a lapsed romantic poet's. It is comforting to know, however, that when some heroics are required, Finch can rise to the occasion, or at least get himself up on one elbow.

The cast, besides the commendably sardonic Finch, includes some always reliable character types (Griffith, Hayden, Graham Crowden, Patrick Magee, George Coulouris), and Miss Runacre, a skillful actress, who looks smashing into the bargain. *The Last Days of Man on Earth*, fractured and funny, is an authentic curiosity. Pace Woody Allen, it is a true sleeper, a movie both of substantial flaw and surprise. When one of the scientists announces with pride that the group has "the best brains in Europe working for us," and when it is shown just what he means, Allen would recognize a kindred anarchic spirit. ■ J.C.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

King's Legacy

The man who did more than anyone else to inspire the civil rights revolution of the '60s was killed only seven years ago. Last week Americans, black and white, commemorated the 46th birthday of Martin Luther King Jr. in a variety of ways that included a march around the White House demanding jobs. That demonstration was, in a way, an anachronism, because the movement led by the young Baptist minister has totally changed in character and tactics since the days when he was in the forefront of the marches against racism.

King's own Southern Christian Leadership Conference has drastically declined in size and importance. CORE (Congress of Racial Equality) has disintegrated. The organization of young activists known as SNCC (Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee) has disappeared, as have the Black Panthers.

Since passage of the landmark civil rights legislation in the '60s, the struggle for equality has changed from challenging the system to working within it, from getting laws on the books to making them effective, from confrontation in the streets to politics. In 1965, the year that Congress passed the Voting Rights Act, there were 72 black elected officials in the eleven states that formed the Confederacy; today there are 1,555. There are 16 blacks in the House of Representatives, as well as black mayors in half a dozen American cities with populations over a quarter of a million, including some of the largest: Los Angeles, Detroit, Newark and King's own Atlanta.

So radically have the climate and strategy of the civil rights movement altered in the past few years that Vernon Jordan, executive director of the Urban League, says: "We will not see the era of a Martin Luther King again, but the movement is still viable, and we are still fighting the good fight." Without King's consummate leadership, the movement would never have entered today's more dispassionate era of quiet and increasingly assured accomplishment.

Running Down a Rumor

One of the most persistent rumors round U.S. Army bases is that selected units are being trained to invade the oil countries of the Middle East. Indeed, the story is that the Army has actually been practicing to attack a coun-

try code-named, none too subtly, "Petrolandia."

As it turns out, this particular rumor stemmed from a training exercise of some combat elements from the 1st Infantry Division at Fort Riley, Kans. The real name of the operation was "Exercise Dusty III," a reference to the fact that a man named Dusty Anderson owned the farm being theoretically defended in a counter-guerrilla maneuver by two helicopters and 20 air-assault specialists. For the purposes of the drill, the Army gave Dusty Anderson's farm a special designation: "Petrolandia." An error in *Soldiers*, an Army magazine, changed the *a* to *e*, and thus an inflammatory rumor was born—and spread.

Hungry for Victory

With only 3½ minutes left to play, Indiana was leading Iowa in basketball recently by a runaway score of 92-41, but the Indiana fans were hungry for victory—ravenous, in fact. When Iowa raised its total to 46 points with 30 seconds to go, the Indiana fans began chanting, "Hamburgers and fries! Hamburgers and fries!" The baffled Iowa players got three more points while stomachs knotted in the stands. Seven seconds to go. Iowa missed a shot and then another at the buzzer to make the final score 102-49.

Cheers exploded throughout the arena in Bloomington, Ind., as though the home-town team, ranked first in the country, had just won the national championship. Then nearly a third of the 17,528 spectators headed for the city's two McDonald's hamburger emporiums, which got no break that day. As a shrewd commercial play, McDonald's had agreed to give every ticket-stub holder a hamburger, an order of French fries and a Coke if Indiana held any opponent to fewer than 50 points during a basketball game in Bloomington. In the three hours after the contest, the two McDonald's served up 5,760 free meals.

When the burger blitz was over, John Bowers, supervisor of the two restaurants, maintained that he would keep on feeding the fans if Indiana kept on holding down the scores. "How often can you be in the same town with the best team in the nation?" he asked. "If they win it all, we're going to do something really special." Just what, Bowers had not yet decided. Would you believe a Big Mac, an order of fries and a chocolate shake?





SKEPTICAL DEMOCRATS LISTENING SOMBERLY TO PRESIDENT FORD'S STATE OF THE UNION PROPOSALS

THE RECESSION/COVER STORY

Ford's Risky Plan Against Slumpflation

It was anything but the standard State of the Union speech. Instead of congratulating himself on the achievements of his young and troubled Administration, Gerald Ford adopted the somber tone of a wartime leader calling for an all-out effort to repel the enemy. Instead of skipping lightly over a broad spectrum of national and foreign policies, the President concentrated almost exclusively on specific means to counter the worst economic slump since the Great Depression, the nation's almost 14% rate of inflation and the U.S.'s dangerous dependence on cartel-controlled foreign oil. Displaying the blunt candor that is his most politically attractive quality, the President proclaimed himself the bearer of "bad news," declared flatly that "the State of the Union is not good," and announced that he did not expect "much if any applause."^{*} Then he unfurled an economic and energy program of considerable scope, great complexity and huge risk.

Essentially, Ford plans a three-stage operation on the severely sick economy:

Stage 1: A quick infusion of \$16 billion of new buying power—\$12 billion to consumers in rebates on 1974 taxes, \$4 billion to corporations in higher tax credits on purchases of new machinery.

Stage 2: Imposition of \$30 billion in new energy taxes that will force every citizen to pay more to drive a car, heat a house or turn on a light switch.

^{*}He got exactly what he predicted: nine perfunctory rounds of hand clapping, mostly by Republicans, during his 41-minute speech.

Stage 3: Recycling of that \$30 billion back into the spending stream, chiefly by permanent cuts in corporate and individual income taxes.

If the policy works as Ford hopes, sales would revive, unemployment would moderate and the nation would be much better able to withstand another cutoff of foreign oil, since Americans would be compelled by higher prices to reduce their prodigious waste of energy. But if the program fails, the consequences could be dire indeed. The \$16 billion in rebates and tax credits might be too weak to jolt the economy out of its alarming slumpflation; in that case, the nation could suffer a prolonged agony of unemployment rates higher than any since before World War II. In addition, the higher prices for oil and natural gas that Ford plans could restore the raging inflation that is only now beginning to relax its debilitating grip on the U.S.

Critical Crew. And Ford must sell his ideas to a highly critical crew of consulting physicians: the Democrats, who hold overwhelming control of Congress. The Democrats slapped together their own program for doctoring the economy, but it was an imprecise series of compromises that even party leaders concede will be tough to enact (see box page 19). Still, in announcing the program, House Speaker Carl Albert of Oklahoma said: "We mean business. We intend to act."

The Democrats enthusiastically agreed on the need for a big and fast

tax cut. Indeed, within a couple of months they may well enact a deeper slash than Ford has asked. But they fear that the President's energy proposals would push prices so high as to destroy the purchasing power that the tax reductions would create. Democratic Senator Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois estimates the chances of Ford's energy program getting through Congress as "zero."

When Ford was being escorted from the House by congressional leaders after his speech, his sometime golfing partner, Democratic Floor Leader Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, said: "Your conclusions were great, Mr. President, but we can't go down the same street together."

"Be charitable," said Ford, grinning. "See if you can give us a chance."

Responded O'Neill: "I don't see how these programs can work."

Later, Ford confidently—and probably overoptimistically—told an aide: "I think I can get 85% of this program." Indeed, he plans a series of speaking trips around the nation in late January or early February to explain—and sell—the program to the public.

Whatever the economic outcome, Ford clearly has seized the political initiative as only a President can. His State of the Union speech and a televised first-hand chat from the White House two nights earlier, in which he previewed his programs, marked a welcome change from the drift and indecision, the platitudes and homilies of his first five months in office. The President sound-



FACES OF THE UNEMPLOYED AT JOB OFFICES ACROSS THE U.S.

ed grim and forceful. Though he still used many clichés, the very flatness of some of his phrases ("Millions... are out of work. Prices are too high and sales are too slow... the economic distress is global") had a kind of eloquence appropriate to a crisis.

Where the Democrats were vague, Ford was definite. The Democratic program, as outlined by Albert, advocated "substantial" tax cuts. Asked what that meant, Representative James Wright Jr. of Texas, chairman of the task force that drew up the program, replied: "Substantial is substantial." Ford gave exact figures on whose taxes should be cut, how much and when. On energy, the Democrats called for adoption of "one or more" of a grab bag of seven proposals. Ford's plans, certainly controversial and perhaps even dangerous, are at least precise down to the number of major nuclear power plants (200) and new coal mines (250) that should be opened over the next ten years.

Opening Wedge. The President's program is comprehensive and, in its way, balanced. In addition to both one-shot and permanent tax cuts for individuals and businesses, it also makes a long overdue start toward tax reform as well as reduction. The permanent cuts in income tax rates that Ford proposes for 1975 and later years give much greater relief to lower- and middle-income workers than to the rich, thus reversing a long-run trend toward taxing them more and more heavily.

For conservatives, the plan contains a promise to hold increases in several federal spending programs to 5% a year. Among these programs: food stamps and payments to the nation's 30 million Social Security recipients (Social Security pensioners otherwise might get raises of as much as 9% this year). For political liberals, there is a kind of negative income tax in the form of cash payments of \$80 annually to every adult who is too poor to owe any federal taxes. Though the payments are hardly what liberals would consider overly generous, they will surely become an opening

wedge for broad welfare reform later.

Congressional Democrats will, and indeed should, quarrel with parts of this program. But they cannot object to its two essential goals: fighting recession by cutting taxes, and reducing oil imports in order to break the stranglehold that the cartel of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries is acquiring over Western economies. Those goals are exactly what the Democrats themselves have called for in innumerable speeches. Now that Ford has proposed specific programs to accomplish those ends, the burden is on the Democrats to come up with something better. Ford made the challenge as pointed as possible by calling on Congress to enact his tax cuts by April 1 and by announcing that he will impose new tariffs on imported oil on his own authority starting Feb. 1. Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield conceded: "He stepped forward, showed some initiative." A high White House aide added, startlingly: "We know he is not home free, but we think he has taken a long step away from Bozo the Clown."

In order to take the initiative, Ford had to take the "180-degree turn" from traditional Republican philosophy—and his own past positions—that he had told businessmen last month he was ruling out. In his October WIN (Whip Inflation Now) program, Ford had insisted that energy consumption should be curtailed only by voluntary measures—and called for a tax increase of 5% on upper-income individuals. In his fire-side chat last week, he noted that he had spent all of his political life fighting deficit financing—yet now he projects record peacetime budget deficits of \$34 billion in the fiscal year ending June 30, and \$46 billion in fiscal 1976.

Enigma No. 3. The President's program has even produced the strange spectacle of liberal Democrats expressing shock at the inflationary potential of energy proposals made by a conservative Midwestern Republican who entered the White House denouncing inflation as "public enemy No. 1." On



Ford's list, inflation now seems to have been demoted to public enemy No. 3, behind the recession and dependence on OPEC oil.

Politically and economically, the circumstances left Ford no choice but to move. The startling plunge of the economy since last fall has done even more than the pardon of Richard Nixon to destroy the trust that most Americans reposed in Ford when he took office. The White House was stunned by a Harris Poll published two weeks ago showing that 86% of those questioned rated the job Ford has been doing on keeping the economy healthy as "only fair" or "poor." The State of the Union speech offered the President just about his last chance to turn those judgments around.

If the recession continues through 1975, and 1976 brings only a halting re-

covery, Ford's chances of being elected to a term of his own would just about vanish. Some Republican conservatives—who dislike his turn toward big deficits but for the moment are keeping quiet—even grumble privately that if the President enters 1976 with the polls still against him he could not get his own party's nomination. In that case, the Republican Party could split. Some of the conservatives are so determined to block the election of Vice President Nelson Rockefeller that they would follow Ronald Reagan into a third party.

Deepening Slide. Right now, the recession is deepening day by day. Last week the Commerce Department reported that real gross national product fell 2.2% during 1974, the sharpest annual drop in 28 years. During the fourth quarter, real GNP plummeted at an an-

nual rate of 9.1%. Industrial production in December dropped 2.8%. Housing starts last month fell to an annual rate of 868,000, an eight-year low. Auto sales in the first ten days of January plunged 32% below the levels of a year earlier; last week, joining Chrysler in a cash-rebate plan, Ford Motor Co. offered \$200 to \$500 refunds to buyers of small cars and some other vehicles from now through February.

Layoffs are swelling throughout the economy and could push the unemployment rate some time this year beyond 8%, the steepest since 1941. Last week, for example, W.T. Grant, the retail chain, detailed a retrenchment program

Here Come Higher Energy Costs

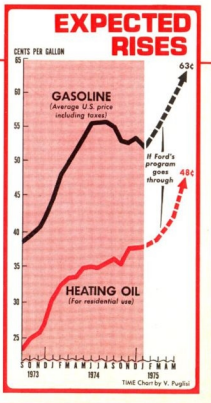
America faces still higher energy costs, either through President Ford's program or his critics' call for a steeper federal gasoline tax—or some compromise between those positions. Congress will tinker and tamper with Ford's energy program in hopes of moderating its inflationary impact. But if, through some legislative miracle, the taxes, tariffs and decontrol measures are enacted as they are now proposed, the average price of crude oil in the U.S. will take a substantial leap from \$9 per bbl. to \$13. The Federal Energy Administration estimates that the average price of heating oil would rise from the present 38¢ per gal. to a maximum of 48¢, and a gallon of gasoline could rise up from its present price of \$2 to as high as 63¢.

Hardest hit by the Ford program would be customers of oil-burning electric utilities. These companies are concentrated on the East Coast and in Southern California and rely almost entirely on imported oil, the price of which

has gone up fivefold since October 1973. In 1974 electric bills rose 25% nationally,* and even more for customers of the oil-based plants. Some of those plants will be passing along more of the new increase to consumers than others; estimates of imminent raises range from 5% to 20%.

Southern California Edison, which has a request for a 21% rate increase in the works, would have to increase its rate yet an additional 6% if the Ford program is adopted. The Florida Power Corp. estimates an average monthly increase of \$5 for residential customers, many of whom are retirees living on relatively fixed incomes. And New York's Con Edison faces the unpleasant prospect of translating a \$200 million extra oil-bill burden into a 7.5% rate increase for its customers—who are already paying the company 42% more a month than a year ago.

*For a six-room house, the typical monthly electric bill is \$42.48 in New York City, \$18.89 in Chicago, \$17.70 in San Diego, and \$14.63 in Atlanta.



THE NATION

under which it will close 126 stores and complete laying off or retiring 12,600 employees. It expects a loss of \$175 million in the year ending Jan. 30, one of the biggest deficits in retailing history (see BUSINESS). Rushing desperately to apply for 225 public service jobs on one drizzly morning in Atlanta, 2,000 unemployed people broke the plate glass when they jammed through a door of the city's civic center. Similar crowds of the unemployed gathered to try for public service jobs in Los Angeles and Chicago.

Most economists expect at least another three to six months of decline, whatever the President and Congress do. But federal policy can make a critical difference in the timing and strength of the eventual upturn. That is especially true now, because the recession reflects a sharp drop in consumer confidence, caused in no small part by confusion over Government policies that seem vacillating and indecisive.

Since 1971, federal economic management has resembled a maze of tortuous twists and turns. Ford's new program is the ninth distinct policy in the last four years. In early 1971, Richard Nixon was still following his original "game plan" of gradually reducing inflation by holding down federal spending and the growth of the nation's money supply. Then came the Phase I wage-price freeze of August 1971, followed by Phase II of tight controls, followed by Phase III of loose controls. A new freeze in June 1973 was chased by Phase IV, which consisted of controls that were removed piece by piece until they expired last April 30. Then the Government converted to "the oldtime religion" of budget cutting and tight money, followed by Ford's WIN program, followed last week by a policy to which the President has not yet given a name. The closest he came was to say in his fireside chat that the time had come to "turn America in a new direction."

Simon's Horror. To chart that new direction, Ford since November has presided over scores of meetings of his advisers—Budget Boss Roy Ash, Chief Economist Alan Greenspan, Treasury Secretary William Simon, Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns and Presidential Assistant L. William Seidman.

Ford would open each meeting with some remarks that steered the discussion to the subjects that he wanted aired, then sit back puffing on his pipe, listening while advisers weighed the options. When he sensed that the talk was becoming repetitious, he would lean forward and say: "Well, I think we ought to do this."

Very early, the need for a tax cut became obvious, particularly to Ash and Greenspan. One reason: the Democrats

made it plain that they would press for lower taxes, and they have the votes in Congress. The President's men had differences about the size of the slash. Burns and Simon voiced worry about the ensuing bulge in the budget deficits. At one meeting, Simon remarked: "If I were a money manager, I'd be scared as hell." Ford asked: "Are you recommending against a tax cut?" Simon paused, then reluctantly said: "Mr. President, given the state of the economy, I guess we need a tax cut." (Late last week, while echoing support for the Ford program, Simon said that the prospective deficits for the next two years "horrify me.")

At one point, some advisers argued that the rebates should be made on payments of taxes for 1975, not 1974. But Ford turned them down. "Just a minute," he said. "The people who need it [the rebate] the most are unemployed in 1975, and they wouldn't get anything." He insisted that the tax refunds be made by check, not credits on new taxes. Said Ford: "If you don't send a man a check—money that he can see and hold in his hand—you are going to lose some of the impact."

Ash and Greenspan stressed the need to hold down Government spending and persuaded Ford to oppose any new spending programs for one year. Indeed, Ash wrote the State of the Union passage in which Ford said: "If we do not act to slow down the rate of increase in federal spending, the United States Treasury will be legally obligated to spend more than \$360 billion in fiscal year 1976—even if no new programs are enacted."

Floor Fight. Similarly, the energy proposals grew into a consensus among a different group of advisers. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger early convinced Ford of the necessity of a tough conservation program. That was urgently needed, he argued, to stop the hemorrhage of dollars to oil-exporting countries and demonstrate to the other oil-importing countries, which the U.S. is trying to weld into a coordinated bloc for bargaining with the OPEC cartel, that the U.S. really means to reduce imports. But Kissinger played little part in putting together the details of the proposals. That was done by a group headed

by Frank Zarb, chief of the Federal Energy Administration.

Ford gave his advisers some clear directions—and limits. A proposal to put the main tax and price burden on gas-

"The Joint Economic Committee of Congress, on the other hand, estimates that spending under current federal programs would total \$346.4 billion in fiscal 1976—which suggests that Ford's \$46 billion deficit projection for that year may be an overestimate. There are involved technical differences in the calculations, but a scary deficit estimate does not hurt Ford's efforts to persuade Congress to hold down spending.



PRELUDE: '71 "GAME PLAN"

oline, rather than oil prices generally, never was seriously discussed because the President had repeatedly ruled it out. Said one Republican leader: "His whole ethos is bound up in the motorcar syndrome of the state of Michigan." Still, there were some hot debates. To induce energy companies to develop more domestic oil and alternative sources of energy, Assistant Secretary of State Thomas Enders argued strongly that the Government should fix a "floor" below which prices of oil could not drop. Simon protested vehemently that price guarantees violate free-market principles. The matter went to Ford three times for a decision before he compromised by asking Congress for authority to set a price floor but not committing himself to do so or specifying a figure.

When the time came to present his proposals, Ford took the unusual step of renting a mobile TV unit and rehearsing his fireside chat at least three times, read-

AUG. 71-NOV. '71

ing updated versions to try out his delivery of revised wordings. For the first time in his career he read the final speech off a TelePrompTer (one that Walter Cronkite had used previously).

The final program is exceedingly complex, breaking down into these main parts:

IMMEDIATE TAX CUTS: All taxpayers would get back 12% of the federal income taxes that they have paid on 1974

MAY 73-JUNE '73 PHASE II: LOOSE CONTROLS

earnings, up to a maximum of \$1,000—which is the size of the rebate that typically would go to a family of four that earned \$41,000 or more last year. If Congress enacts his plan by April 1, Ford said, the rebate would be paid in two installments: half in May, half in September (though some Treasury aides doubt that the Internal Revenue Service has the manpower to get the checks out so fast). Taxpayers first will have to compute their liability under the current

AUG. 73-APRIL '74 PHASE III: LESS AND LESS CONTROL

JUNE 73-AUG. '73 FREEZE II

JAN. '75-180° TURN



OCT. '74-JAN. '75 WIN PROGRAM

rules, filing returns and paying any additional amount that might be owed under present law by April 15. The IRS then would calculate the rebate on each return and mail it out automatically; no taxpayer would have to file separately for the rebate. Any taxpayer who is owed a refund under present law would get three checks: one for that refund, then two for the rebate. The IRS expects to mail rebate checks to some 83 million families and single taxpayers.

Big corporations, smaller enterprises, farmers, lawyers, doctors and other self-employed people would save \$4 billion this year by deducting from their tax bills 12% of the amount that they spend to buy new machinery and equipment. At present the credit is 7% for most companies, and it would drop back to that rate next year. Utilities, however, would get an extra break: their credit would rise from 4% now to 12% this year, then stay at that level through 1977, so long as they invested in power plants that use fuels other than oil or natural gas. Utilities need special help because they rely mostly on borrowed money to expand and modernize, and

\$44,000,* the tax would go down from \$14,060 to \$13,930, or less than 1%.

Ford also proposed an increase in the "low-income allowance," calculated to remove from the tax rolls entirely all people below the poverty line—now figured as \$5,600 in gross income for an urban family of four. If Congress approves the new schedule by April, the Administration promised, withholding rates would be reduced beginning in June. Corporate income taxes would be lowered too—from 48% of profits now to 42%. Savings to companies: about \$6 billion a year.

ENERGY: Prices of oil products and natural gas would rise sharply. A family of four that has earnings in the \$10,000 to \$12,000 range now spends about \$950 annually on gasoline, heating and utility bills. By Frank Zarb's estimate, that cost would go up some \$250.

The idea, bluntly put, is that the U.S. must reduce its imports of oil—which are now 7.3 million bbl. per day—by 1 million bbl. per day this year, and by 2 million bbl. in 1977. The way to do it is to make energy so expensive that consumers and businessmen cannot afford to burn as much oil as they do now.

The President will start by using his power to impose a \$1-per-bbl. tariff on imported petroleum beginning Feb. 1, then raising it to \$2 on March 1 and \$3 on April 1. He also will ask Congress to enact a \$2-per-bbl. tax on U.S.-produced crude, and an equivalent amount—37¢ per 1,000 cu. ft.—on natural gas piped across state lines. If and when Congress agrees to that, the tariff on foreign crude would drop back to \$2. Finally, Ford plans to remove all price controls on domestically produced oil on April 1—a move that he can take on his own but that is subject to congressional veto.

Net result: the average price of gasoline, heating oil and other petroleum products would rise by about 10¢ per gal. Oil companies would reap huge additional gross profits, but Ford proposes to snatch them away by imposing a "windfall-profits tax," that, combined with regular taxes, would pull in \$12 billion this year.

*Taxable income is the amount left over after all deductions and exemptions are taken. Considering the deductions, a family of four that has a taxable income of \$6,000 typically has a gross income of about \$10,600; a similar-size family that has a taxable income of \$44,000 typically has gross earnings in the area of \$56,600.

The Government would put the \$30 billion raised by the new energy taxes back into the economy in several ways. Some \$22.5 billion would be distributed to individuals and corporations by the permanent cuts in income taxes; another \$2 billion would go to the people too poor to pay taxes, through the \$80-per-

person cash grants. State and local governments would get \$2 billion of extra revenue-sharing money to help pay their higher fuel costs. Homeowners who invest in insulation, storm windows and doors, and other fuel-saving equipment could deduct 15% of the cost from their tax bills up to a maximum of \$150; the total tax saving would be \$500 million. That still leaves \$3 billion, which the Government will "reserve" to pay its own higher fuel and electric costs.

Ford proposed a wide range of other programs to reduce energy consumption or increase supplies. Among them: opening to commercial drilling the Navy's Petroleum Reserve No. 4 in Alaska; amending the Clean Air Act and other legislation to enable utilities to burn more coal; enacting heat-saving standards for all new buildings; budgeting more federal money for energy research and development. He set a list of specific goals to be achieved by 1985: production of 1 million bbl. per day of synthetic fuels and shale oil; construction of 150 "major" coal-fired power plants, 30 new refineries and 20 synthetic-fuel plants, in addition to the new nuclear plants and coal mines. Picking a rare hero for a Republican President, Ford compared his goals to Franklin D. Roosevelt's 1942 pledge to build 60,000 military aircraft a year; actual production in 1943, Ford recalled, hit 125,000 aircraft annually. "They did it then," he said. "We can do it now."

Will It Work? In totality, the economic-energy package is nothing if not comprehensive. But will it restore the economy to health? It might—but there is an uncomfortably strong chance that the program, if enacted intact by Congress, would produce far more inflation than economic recovery.

The program could actually depress the economy a bit further for a few months. Ford's tariff on imported oil will push up fuel prices from Feb. 1 on, but consumers would get no tax-rebate money until May at the earliest and would not get the full benefits of Ford's tax package until September. Thus Americans' purchasing power in late winter and early spring would be reduced by the amount of the oil-price rises, which could total \$2 billion or more during those months. Of course, consumers might step up their spending anyway in anticipation of the tax rebates that they are almost certain to get. Still, Febru-

WAGE PRICE FREEZE

they had severe trouble raising cash in last year's supertight credit markets. Ford noted in his State of the Union speech that utilities recently have canceled or postponed 60% of the nuclear power plants that they had planned to build and 30% of the nonnuclear facilities because they could not get financing.

PERMANENT TAX CUTS: Taxes on

individual incomes earned in 1975 and beyond would be reduced by an average 9%. This year's reduction would total about \$16.5 billion. The mechanism: cuts in the tax rates on the first \$6,000 of taxable income (the first \$8,000 for single people). Every payer would get some reduction. On a taxable income of \$6,000, payments to the Government by a married couple filing jointly would decline from the present \$1,000 to \$790, a cut of 21%. On a taxable income of

NOV. '74-JAN. '75 PHASE IN CONTROLS

APRIL '74-OCT. '74 THE OLD TIME RELIGION



OUTGOING BUDGET DIRECTOR ROY ASH



FEDERAL RESERVE CHAIRMAN ARTHUR BURNS



ECONOMIC ADVISER ALAN GREENSPAN



THE NATION

ary, March and April will be hard months.

When the rebate money does start flowing, it should perk up sales enough to create more jobs or at least prevent some layoffs. But how strong will the effect be? The Administration's own projections are not exactly enthusiastic. Unemployment will continue to rise but at a slower rate. One White House adviser estimates that with the Ford program, the unemployment rate by year's end would be half a point below what it would otherwise be. Economist Otto Eckstein, head of Data Resources, Inc., makes a similar forecast. He reckons that the unemployment rate next December would be a still shocking 8.1%, rather than an even worse 8.5% (it was 7.1% last month).

The U.S. could enter 1976 with unemployment at the highest rate since Pearl Harbor—and by then most of the stimulus of the tax rebates would be gone. At best, the Government would be putting into the economy only as much money as it was taking out in energy taxes. The Administration appears to be gambling that recovery will have picked up enough momentum by early 1976 to make further stimulation unnecessary. That could occur, but only if consumer confidence recovers, and early reactions to Ford's plans are not reassuring. Consumers seem to be more confused than anything else. A common view is that the President is giving them new money with one hand and taking it away with the other.

Veto Vow. Many economists feel that considerably more stimulus is needed: perhaps a net tax reduction of \$20 billion or even \$25 billion (see story page 22). Congressional Democrats agree: they are likely to enact a tax rebate quickly, but a larger one than the President asked and in somewhat different form. The Democrats aim to give more of the rebate to lower- and middle-income taxpayers, partly for reasons of equity, partly because those people can be more reliably counted on to spend the money rather than put it in the bank. Congress might, for example, make the rebate 16% instead of 12%, but set the maximum lower than \$1,000.

Congress might also raise federal spending more than Ford plans, thus pumping still more money into the economy. Ford in his State of the Union speech vowed to veto any new federal spending programs that Congress might enact. But spending on several costly programs, including military pensions and Social Security payments, is tied to the movements of the consumer price index. Those outlays will rise automatically, well beyond the 5% limit that Ford proposes, unless Congress actively votes to hold them down, and there are few things that a liberal Democratic Congress would be less likely to do.

The risk remains that Ford's proposals would cause enough new price rises to wipe out all the benefits of his

proposed tax cuts, leaving consumers with no more buying power than before, or even less. To be sure, the pace of price increases finally seems to be slackening a bit. Wholesale prices fell .5% in December, the first drop in 14 months. The recession is likely to cause even more price reductions.

Double Digits. Economists nearly unanimously assume that the inflation rate will continue to simmer down gradually this year—or they did until Ford announced his program. Now they are not so sure. Eckstein predicts that the energy package would make 1975 a second straight year of double-digit inflation, meaning that prices would rise 10% or more. Many of the businessmen and bankers who normally constitute the backbone of a Republican President's support are also seriously worried. "The biggest fear to me is inflation, not recession," says William H. Spoor, chairman of Pillsbury Co. Richard H. Vaughan, president of Northwest Bancorporation in Minneapolis, adds: "We ought to be concerned about the reinstitution of inflation in '75 or '76."

Though businessmen are primarily nervous about the prospective budget deficits, the real danger is the cost-boosing impact of the energy program. In fact, the quibbles over the size and distribution of tax cuts are popgun shots in comparison with the cannonade of criticism that Ford's energy proposals have provoked. The tax on oil will be particularly inflationary in the chilly Northeast, which burns a considerable amount of oil, much of it imported. Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis calls the tax "disastrous." Adds James Howell, the chief economist of the First National Bank of Boston: "We in New England are being screwed by the President's program."

On the face of it, the program seems illogical. The OPEC cartel has disrupted Western economies and fanned inflation round the world by quintupling the price of oil since October 1973. So in what sense is the U.S. fighting back by raising its own prices higher still?

There are answers. Price is not the only problem; the huge flow of money from industrialized countries to the oil exporters is another. Ford's program, if it really does hold down imports, would at least divert to the U.S. Government, and back into the pockets of taxpayers, some money that Americans otherwise would pour into the treasuries of Venezuela, Iran, Nigeria, Canada and the Arab nations. Moreover, the U.S. must hold down imports to free itself of the threat of political blackmail from foreign suppliers who could shut off the tap at any time.

Also, in theory at least, higher prices now could lead to lower prices later. If their hold on Western economies was broken, the OPEC nations might cut prices in order to maintain sales. Unfortunately, they also could do just the opposite: they could take Ford's pro-

gram as vindication of their past price increases and raise prices higher yet. Some Arab governments are willing to cut production in order to maintain prices; Kuwait last week reportedly decided to reduce output by 500,000 bbl. per day, or 20%.

In any case, Ford's program would raise prices quite enough to cause severe pain—and danger for the economy—no matter what OPEC does. The White House itself estimates that the price boosts caused by its energy taxes would raise the overall consumer price index by two percentage points this year. And

that estimate appears to assume that the increases will total only \$30 billion. In fact, they could go much higher.

The increases on gasoline, heating oil and natural gas would be only the start. Innumerable products made partly from oil would also go up: plastics, chemicals, fertilizers. Higher fuel bills could force up airline fares and freight rates. The greater bills for heating and lighting factories and buying electricity to run machinery could drive up the cost of almost every product. Even wage costs could be raised; many union contracts tie wages partly to the consumer

price index, which will be kicked up by the fuel increases.

How great this "ripple effect" might be is anybody's guess; sluggish demand will certainly restrain some price increases. But some of the guesses are frightening. Senator Stevenson figures that the energy program could eventually raise living costs for the average family by \$1,000 a year, or four times the \$250 in direct fuel increases that the Administration estimates. A. Gary Shilling, chief economist at the Wall Street firm of White, Weld, fears that price increases forced by energy costs could total

Heading for a Policy Clash

The separate economy and energy programs proposed last week by President Ford and the Democratic majority in Congress reflect important philosophical divisions that presage a knockdown fight over the future direction of national policy. A comparison of the main points in each program:

INDIVIDUAL INCOME TAX CUTS

Ford: A one-time 12% rebate on all individual taxes owed for 1974, up to \$1,000 per return.

Democrats: Quick relief to low- and middle-income taxpayers through higher personal exemptions than at present, as well as increased standard deductions and reduced payroll levies. House Speaker Carl Albert put the size of the cut at between \$10 billion and \$20 billion.

CORPORATE TAX CUTS

Ford: Increase of the investment tax credit to 12%, up from 7% for most industries and from 4% for utilities.

Beginning this year, a decrease in corporate tax rates from 48% to 42%.

Democrats: No mention.

TAX "LOOPHOLES"

Ford: No specifics.

Democrats: A proposal to make up revenues lost through tax reductions by closing "loopholes" that now enable large corporations and wealthy individuals to pay little or no taxes at all.

AID TO THE POOR

Ford: Direct federal payment of \$80 a year to each adult earning too little to pay income taxes.

Democrats: "Realistic help" for the needy, the aged, the blind, the disabled, and legislation to block any effort by the Administration to raise the price of food stamps.

ENERGY CONSERVATION

Ford: Higher taxes and tariffs on imported and domestic crude oil, natural gas and imported petroleum products. In addition, all domestic oil and gas would be freed of price controls, and Congress would be asked to approve an excess-profits tax on windfall earnings of oil and gas companies. Clean-air laws would also be weakened to permit more coal to be burned, especially by electric utilities.

Democrats: Either outright gasoline rationing or a gasoline tax increase of up to 10¢ per gal. or mandatory allocation of oil and other sources of energy—or some combination of those options. Also, fatter excise taxes on big cars.

REVENUE SHARING

Ford: An increase of \$2 billion for state and local governments to help pay for higher energy costs.

Democrats: No mention.

FEDERAL SPENDING

Ford: A one-year moratorium on all new spending except in the energy field. Also a 5% limit for 1975 on federal pay raises and cost of living increases for Government workers,

retired military personnel and Americans on Social Security.

Democrats: An unspecified further increase in public service jobs, public works projects and Social Security payments.

WAGE-PRICE CONTROLS

Ford: No mention.

Democrats: A recommendation to empower the Administration to delay or roll back certain price increases, but no mention of limiting wages.

POLLUTION CONTROLS

Ford: A five-year deferral, to 1982, of standards limiting auto pollution; in a trade-off, automakers have pledged to improve average gas mileage by 40% by 1980.

Democrats: No mention.

INTEREST RATES

Ford: No mention.

Democrats: A recommendation that the Federal Reserve Board expand the money supply by 6% or more in order to make more credit available and quickly bring down borrowing costs. (The rate grew by 4% in the past quarter.) The proposal also calls for the Fed to prod banks to allocate credit to housing, farming and electric-power producers, and away from "speculative and inflationary uses."

HOUSING

Ford: No specifics.

Democrats: A fuzzy proposal to help savings and loan associations get more mortgage money. The plan would also provide interest rate subsidies for low- and moderately-priced houses and temporary Government assistance for out-of-work homeowners who are unable to make home-loan payments.



PRESIDENT FORD AND SPEAKER ALBERT

THE NATION

not \$30 billion but \$60 billion. That may be overblown, but if the increases go as high as \$46 billion, they would take away all the money that consumers would get from Ford's tax rebates and reductions; if they went any higher, purchasing power would actually be slashed. Then the U.S. might get the most painful of all economic combinations: roaring inflation and a deepening recession besides. It is not even certain that Ford's program would cut oil imports as much as he desires; consumers might choose to pay the high prices rather than curtail their driving and turn down thermostats.

An alternative way to cut imports without raising prices so much might be to put a flat quota on foreign oil, accompanied by some form of allocation or modified rationing to share out the reduced supplies. In order to minimize racketeering, any rationing ought to be coupled with what has been called the "white market"—a kind of legal black market in which people who had more ration coupons than they needed could sell them, with Government approval, to others who needed and were willing to pay for extra coupons. On the other hand, if Congress buys the argument of the White House and many outside experts that rationing would be inequitable, it ought to consider enacting a 20¢-per-gal. tax on gasoline augmented by import restrictions—an idea that some

of Ford's advisers would have liked more than the program that they finally produced. A gasoline tax would concentrate price increases in the area where the most energy is wasted, rather than spreading inflation throughout the economy by raising the cost of every form of energy.

Unfortunately, the Democrats do not yet have any coherent energy strategy except opposition to Ford's ideas. Congress is likely to vote down Ford's taxes on domestic oil and his plan to de-control prices. Several Democrats, including Tip O'Neill and Senators Henry Jackson of Washington and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, also are opening a drive to suspend the President's authority to raise oil tariffs.

Mishmash Threat. The Democrats' alternative, though, is not at all clear. Their formal program mentions both rationing and a gasoline tax as options to be considered, but the Democrats seem to be thinking only of a 10¢-per-gal. tax, and that would be too small to force much conservation. Jackson plans to introduce a bill that includes both rationing and quotas—but only in the form of stand-by authority for the President to use if other measures fail. That does not go much beyond Ford's own program; the President has asked for stand-by rationing authority, even though he has explicitly rejected the idea of rationing now.

The Democrats stress mandatory conservation—a good idea but one that might not work fast enough. Jackson's bill, for example, will probably list such actions as Sunday closings of gas stations, federal regulation of hours of commercial businesses, forced reductions in commercial lighting and regulation of temperatures in commercial and public buildings. But the bill would only give the Federal Energy Administration power to order those standards; it would not compel the agency to do so. There is at least some danger that the final product will be a mishmash of Ford's tariff and a number of halfway conservation rules that would raise prices without cutting imports much.

Happily, though, there is also a good chance that the final result will be an economic-energy package better than the one that Ford himself has proposed. It could include bigger tax cuts than he has asked and an energy policy of gasoline taxes and tough conservation standards. The one outcome that seems impossible is continued drift. By proposing a sweeping and specific program—although one with grave flaws—and emphasizing the need for fast action, Ford has thrown down to Congress a challenge that it cannot ignore. A year or so from now, Ford might even be able to say—if he cared to borrow the phraseology of another Democratic President—that he got the country moving again.

A Progressive New System with a Rebate to Boot

The table below spells out some of the pocketbook benefits of President Ford's proposed income tax cuts. The figures assume that the taxpayer itemizes his deductions and subtracts 17% of his gross income—which is the national average for itemizers—before calculating his taxes. A further assumption is that married couples file joint returns.

In many respects, the new tax structure would be more

equitable than the present system. People in all income groups would pay less in the future than in the recent past; but those with lower incomes would get larger reductions than more affluent people. In addition to collecting one-shot rebates, a childless couple earning \$8,000 would pay 23% less in taxes this year and in future years than in 1974; but a couple earning \$40,000 would enjoy a net reduction of only 1.5%.

	INCOME	1974 TAX BEFORE REBATE	REBATE	NET 1974 TAX	1975 TAX
SINGLE TAXPAYER	\$ 8,000	\$ 1,086.90	\$ 130.43	\$ 956.47	\$ 918.00
	12,000	1,892.50	227.10	1,665.40	1,702.50
	17,000	3,024.40	362.93	2,661.47	2,834.40
	30,000	6,850.00	822.00	6,028.00	6,660.00
	40,000	10,515.00	1,000.00	9,515.00	10,325.00
MARRIED TAXPAYERS, NO DEPENDENTS	8,000	836.60	100.39	736.21	643.80
	12,000	1,481.20	177.74	1,303.46	1,271.20
	17,000	2,412.50	289.50	2,123.00	2,202.50
	30,000	5,468.00	656.16	4,811.84	5,332.00
	40,000	8,543.00	1,000.00	7,543.00	8,413.00
MARRIED TAXPAYERS, TWO DEPENDENTS	8,000	558.80	67.06	491.44	396.00
	12,000	1,182.40	141.89	1,040.51	953.20
	17,000	2,064.20	247.70	1,816.50	1,854.20
	30,000	4,988.00	598.56	4,389.44	4,837.00
	40,000	7,958.00	954.96	7,003.04	7,828.00

OPINION

TIME's Economists: Mixed Reviews

Though no one predicted precisely the swift onset of today's business downturn, TIME's Board of Economists was far ahead of most forecasters. As long ago as last February, a majority of the nine board members were warning that the Administration's restrictive anti-inflation strategy would bring on at least a mild recession, and their projections grew ever more dire as the year wore on. Last week most board members agreed that the Administration's switch to a more stimulative policy was a move in the right direction. But, with few exceptions, they are far from elated by the specifics of President Ford's programs.

The main criticism comes from the liberal economists, who worry that Ford's economic program is not expansive enough to counter the recession. They contend that boosting tariffs and taxes on crude oil would not only hinder a business recovery but also keep prices rising at double-digit rates. Says Board Member Otto Eckstein: "The goals of the two packages are quite different and to an extent contradictory."

In the view of Board Member Arthur Okun, Ford's proposal for a two-

part rebate on 1974 taxes is by itself inadequate. "The Administration's idea, I suppose, is that what the economy needs is a little pump priming or a quick charge. But there's evidence that it is a bigger problem than just getting the economy started." In addition to calling for a total rebate in May, Okun insists that "we need a stimulative net tax cut for 1975 and 1976 that would begin to show up in withholding in July, August or September." The permanent tax reduction proposed by Ford is designed to help consumers pay for higher energy bills and would do nothing to boost purchasing power.

Economist Walter Heller asserts that "a \$16 billion stimulus is a shot in the arm, but if we really want to reverse things, let's mainline it." Heller urges a net tax cut of \$20 billion to \$25 billion. He notes that "even if recovery started next fall and proceeded at a sustained 6% annual growth rate in real gross national product, it would not bring us back even to 6% unemployment before late 1978."

According to Joseph Pechman of the Brookings Institution, the rebate plan

would not induce consumers to spend enough. The public would be inclined to buy more, he says, if personal exemptions were swiftly increased, standard deductions raised, and people were given a tax credit equal to 2% of their earnings up to \$14,100 a year. Moreover, David Grove of IBM believes, the Administration's plan to divide the rebate into two payments would further weaken its stimulative impact.

The board member most satisfied with Ford's rebate idea is Murray Weidenbaum. Says he: "There seems to be an upturn in the cards, and the rebate will make it that much more likely." His main worry is that Congress will expand the program too much. Beryl Sprinkel is wary of using tax cuts to boost the economy, because they enlarge the federal deficit. But, adds Sprinkel: "Faced with the alternative of an increase in Government spending, I would certainly favor the President's program."

In general, however, board members reject the conservative argument that bigger federal deficits would force the Treasury to borrow heavily and thus hinder recovery by draining money away from business. According to Heller, Okun and others, the recession will so greatly hold down corporate credit needs for at least the rest of this year that Government borrowing will have little, if any, effect on business loans. Indeed, corporate borrowing at major New York City banks has declined by almost \$1 billion since the start of the year.

Big Bite. Some members of TIME's board fear that the Federal Reserve will not open the money tap fast enough to accommodate even a modest upturn. Eckstein forecasts that if the money supply is not soon expanded well above an annual rate of 6%, housing starts will tumble and unemployment will scoot up and stay exceptionally high. Says Heller: "The Fed still thinks inflation is public enemy No. 1."

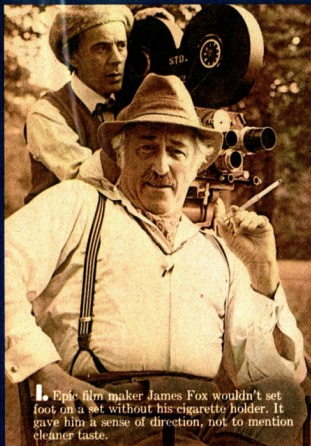
Practically every board member finds serious flaws in the Administration's energy tax program. Generally, the Democrats in the group are opposed to relying exclusively on price rises, especially at present, to restrain energy use. Some would prefer a quota on imported oil, along with mandatory allocation of petroleum products and outright rationing of gasoline. Sprinkel worries that the tax increase would set back the nation's living standards. He asks: "Is it worth these costs to protect ourselves against the possibility that at some future time we might be subjected to another oil embargo?"

More grimly, Eckstein argues that "the energy tax and price package is simply too big a bite for the economy to swallow during a year of deep recession and high inflation. It would impose a shock on the economy as large as last winter's quadrupling of oil prices. A quick implementation of the energy package could well keep the economy on the road to depression."

AN OVERFLOW CROWD OF JOB SEEKERS IN CHICAGO



Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette.

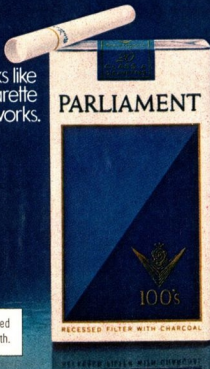


1. Epic film maker James Fox wouldn't set foot on a set without his cigarette holder. It gave him a sense of direction, not to mention cleaner taste.



2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed, so you taste only rich, clean tobacco flavor. It's our special effect.

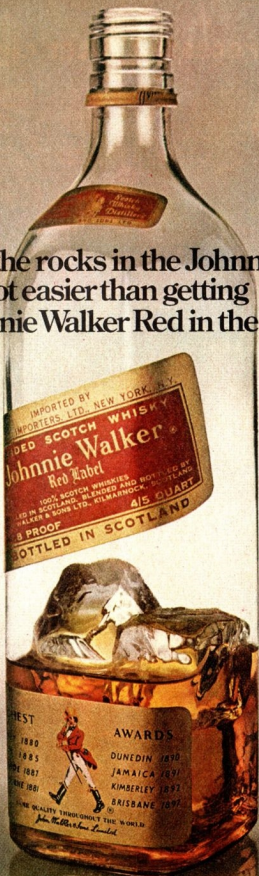
It works like
a cigarette
holder works.



18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. '74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Getting the rocks in the Johnnie Walker Red bottle
is a lot easier than getting
the Johnnie Walker Red in the bottle.



Only a master blender with years of priceless knowledge can make every single drop of Johnnie Walker Red taste the same year after year.

He has to have over forty of Scotland's finest whiskies at his command all of the time to achieve the smooth, satisfying flavor that has made this the world's favorite bottle of Scotch.

Anybody with a bottle cutter can get the rocks in.

**Say "Johnnie Walker Red."
You won't get it
by just saying "Scotch."**

The Public: Mixed Returns

To gauge the initial public reaction to Ford's economy and energy program, TIME correspondents talked with consumers throughout the country and sampled local press editorials. A sizing-up, by region:

THE MIDDLE ATLANTIC: The President was given high marks for taking action, lower grades for the action he took. "Call me relieved," said Baltimore Housewife Betty Lee Digges. "I see the plan as a sign that Mr. Ford is preparing to assert some kind of leadership, instead of just letting the country drift as we have been doing so far."

But many people questioned the logic of the program. A homeowner in suburban Wilmington, Del., sarcastically observed: "I think it is a fine plan. I am going to put the refund in the bank and use it to pay the gas tax." The Wilmington *Evening Journal* criticized the plan as "somewhat circular. The ordinary taxpayer is apt to get a bit dizzy watching that circle revolve."

Consumers are planning to spend their rebates dutifully. "I guess we'll spend it, since that's what the President wants us to do," said Mrs. Naomi Stout, a housewife who lives in Newark, Del. John DeFazio, president of a steelworkers local in Pittsburgh, thinks that most of his fellow union members will use the money to pay off debts "because things haven't stabilized enough to go on a buying spree."

NEW ENGLAND: The President's proposals have perceptibly added to the January chill in a region where 71% of all homes are heated by oil-burning furnaces and 70% of electricity is oil-generated. In a second winter of discontent over soaring oil and gasoline prices, New Englanders are agast at the proposed \$2-per-bbl. tariff on imported oil. "This isn't leadership," said Lawson Ramsdell, a building custodian in Portland, Me. "I don't think Mr. Ford knows where he is going."

Consumers were hardly mollified by the tax rebate. Said Jean Patton, a management consultant for Polaroid Corp.: "It seems the President is just taking out of one pocket and putting it in the other." Judy Elliott, a restaurant owner in Hartford, agreed: "There are 10,000 people around here who have had their heat cut off because they can't pay. What good is a tax cut when they can't heat their homes?"

If consumers find they have some money left over after paying their heating bills, they plan to spend it cautiously. Fuel and heating bills finally compelled Samuel Trepanier to mothball his truck in his backyard in Clarendon, Vt. When the President announced his program, Trepanier figured: "If the rebate comes to more than \$300, I'll get my pickup back on the road."

THE MIDWEST: People in the heartland would like to approve of Ford's program because they generally approve of him. But outside such industrial pockets as St. Louis and Detroit, most Midwesterners have so far been less hurt by the recession than other Americans and still regard inflation as public enemy No. 1. Many are baffled by the President's turn-around. The conservative Indianapolis *Star* commented: "Inflation, the inevitable consequence of federal deficit spending, is the blunt and brutal factor underlying all the problems the nation faces today. And it was precisely in their failure to come specifically to grips with this painful truth that the President's proposals lacked any real effectiveness."

Not that Midwesterners have any

who does have a buck is going to put it into savings."

THE WEST: No sooner was the tax rebate announced than many people had spent it—mentally at least. There was talk of repairing a crack in the swimming pool, putting a new roof on the house, making a down payment for an automobile. There were always back bills to be paid. Said Beverly Hills Secretary Karen Lowell: "My first reaction was: 'Oh, great, all that money! What shall we do with it?' Then I thought, we'll have more money to pay our bills. That's what we'll do with it."

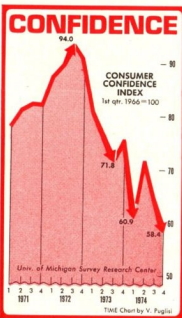
But the proposal for higher oil taxes overshadowed the good news. Motorists wondered why they were being told to save gas on the one hand and to go out and buy a new car on the other. "The Government giveth, and the Government taketh away," said Dennis McDonnell, a Beverly Hills bank executive. Mrs. Susan Walter of Tempe, Ariz., griped that the estimated refund "won't even begin to help pay for gasoline increases, the rising cost of clothes and other inflation, but it will have to do."

Declared Richard Hoff, a Berkeley elementary-school teacher, "When the corporations and the rich curtail their use of energy, then I'll curtail mine." Others deny that they would be able to save on gas even if they wanted to. "I use my car to get to work and shop," says Joan Newcome, a Los Angeles office supervisor, "and there's no way to reduce my mileage."

THE SOUTH: Never very happy with the Federal Government, Southerners are skeptical about the latest solution coming from Washington. "It's a double-headed monster," said Houston Real Estate Broker Don Wumsche, referring to the combined oil tax and income tax rebate. Added Interior Designer David Thorpe: "It's like getting an estimate for \$600 to fix your car, then having the garage call the next day to say it will cost only \$500."

Spending plans are appropriately modest. Chris Morse, a secretary in Atlanta, plans to take a brief trip to a Florida beach. "After going through a year like this," she said, "you need sort of a treat." Pledged Joanne Archer, a Miami housewife: "I'd be conservative. It would be a question of keeping up with the bills." For Cheryl Hobson, an Atlanta housewife, the refund will be easy come, easy go. "It's not enough for a vacation, but it might be enough for dinner at some nice place."

People are not inclined to blame the President for the shortcomings of his program. Said Houston Secretary Marla Nickell: "He seems to be a nice, decent, honest man, and I guess he's trying." Joe Kocurek, a retired Tenneco executive in Houston, perhaps summed up the national attitude toward Ford to date: "He hasn't helped me, and he hasn't hurt me."



objection to spending money if the Federal Government returns it to them. "We haven't got the easiest life trying to make it," says Ethel Neuman of Chancellor, S. Dak. "That's why I say we'll pay some bills." Walter Herbst, who runs a food store with his brother in St. Paul, Minn., plans to use the refund to buy some equipment. "As far as an independent enterprise is concerned," he says, "it's going to give us a little encouragement where we had an awful lot of discouragement in the past year."

But something for nothing is an alien philosophy in this region. Consumers are sure there is a catch somewhere. Gerald Shaffer, a tire dealer in Akron, thinks that people will spend much less than the President assumes. "The trouble is that we have lost so much confidence in Government that everybody



THE CONGRESS

A Whiff of Rebellion in the 94th

As the 94th Congress convened, its arcane opening ritual smacked quaintly of quill pens and snuff. Indeed, the Senate's two snuff boxes were freshly filled as the ten new and 23 re-elected Senators filed down the aisle in groups of four to take their oaths of office and bask in the standing applause of their colleagues. In the House, Democrat Carl Albert and Republican John Rhodes withdrew from the chamber as that body staged its selection of the Speaker. When the foregone vote was over, Rhodes graciously introduced Winner Albert as "my good friend, the leader for all members of the House," and Albert then swore in the 431 representatives, some of whom had brought their children onto the floor for the occasion. Yet this traditional dance of state only made the rest of the initial week's events all the more startling. In fact, a veritable spirit of revolution convulsed the House, and some of the most venerable legislative procedures were even under assault in the Senate.

The rebellion in the House was directed at one of the most encrusted of all congressional institutions: the seniority system, under which committee chairmen have long been selected and automatically reaffirmed at each session, solely on the basis of their length of service in office. In a confused series of events, no fewer than four of the arbitrary elderly chairmen of House committees were at least temporarily deposed. Although two were fighting to regain their posts, and no successor was certain of approval in any of the four positions, the action jolted the leaders of all 21 House committees into a new awareness: they will have to heed their colleagues and perform effectively if they wish to retain their power.

The uprising was within Democratic ranks, since that party has an overwhelming 291-144 majority, which permits it to organize the House. The momentum for change was largely generated by the Democratic victory in last November's elections, which impressed the House leaders, especially Speaker Albert and Majority Leader Thomas ("Tip") O'Neill, with the strength of the apparent national desire for more decisive congressional action. The election also brought in 75 Democratic freshmen, unawed by power cliques and eager to make their own marks. Abetting both groups were long-restive re-elected liberal Democrats.

Upstart Inquisitors. Even before the session opened, the freshmen moved brashly to make their presence known. Under the chairmanship of New York's Richard Ottinger, a former Congressman who had been out of office for four years and thus was technically a freshman again, they invited all the chair-

men to meet individually with them to answer questions about committee procedures and policy. "No one turned us down," reported Ottinger, who noted that he had never even met some of the formerly aloof chairmen in his previous six years in Congress. But now, figuratively hat in hand, the aging power brokers faced their upstart inquisitors.

The freshmen were least moved by the pitches of the Banking and Currency Committee's Wright Patman, 81, Agriculture's W.R. (Bob) Poage, 75, House Administration's Wayne Hays, 63, and Armed Services' F. Edward Hébert, 73, who emerged to report sourly that he had been treated the way he treated witnesses before his committee. The freshmen were impressed by Al Ullman, who will replace the self-deposed Wilbur Mills as chairman of Ways and Means. They gave Judiciary's Peter Rodino a standing ovation. "I guess I'm all right," he grinned as he emerged from his meeting.

Secret Vote. The first actual move against the chairmen was made by the Democratic Steering and Policy Committee, a select group of 24 members that includes all the top leaders. The action was spontaneous, since any effort to replace a chairman had been planned for a later meeting of the Democratic Caucus, which includes the full Democratic House membership.

As the steering committee met, Tip O'Neill offered a routine motion to rename the previous chairmen. But New York's Jonathan Bingham objected, arguing that each chairman should be considered separately. Missouri's Richard Bolling supported Bingham, urging also that the votes be cast secretly. Neither man had been part of an uprising plot. Bingham's motion carried on a shouted vote.

Suddenly, the situation was not at all routine. Voting their consciences without fear of reprisal, the steering members first renominated Poage—but only by a 14-to-10 margin. Hébert survived by the same slim count. Now the members were aware that the anti-chairmen attitude was more prevalent than anyone had expected.

When the vote on Patman came, he was rejected, 13 to 11. So was the second-ranking member of the Banking Committee, William Barrett of Pennsylvania, and then the third, Leonor Sullivan of Missouri. Instead, the group nominated as banking chairman Wisconsin's Henry Reuss, who had openly challenged Patman for the job but planned to make his fight in the caucus. "What's happening?" the astonished Reuss asked a colleague as the voting progressed. Chairman Hays was rejected next, and New Jersey's Frank Thompson was nominated to replace

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PATMAN

HÉBERT



POAGE

HAYS

THE NATION

would approve them was in some doubt. Hays seemed most likely to survive, since his committee controls travel expenses for the members, and he dangled promises of more travel at an increased \$45 per day. To replace Hébert, the steering group named Melvin Price of Illinois; to succeed Poage, it selected Thomas Foley of Washington. But when it meets again this week the caucus will have the right, for the first time in the procedures, to propose other choices of its own devising.

State of Shock. Poage graciously accepted his removal. "The caucus has worked its will," he said. "I accept its decision." Hébert, vowing to continue to battle "in the defense of this country" as leader of the Armed Services Committee, said he will carry his case to the House floor. "I'm using every means at my command to fight back," he declared. Any such move would be resented by the controlling Democrats, and Albert would probably rule it out of order. Patman assailed the secrecy of the voting, and Hays said that his initial rejection left him "in a state of shock."

Why did these four chairmen become the targets of the rebellion? Although all but Patman are conservatives, the four were shot down more because of the autocratic manner in which they have dominated their committees than because of ideology. Hébert, who has represented a New Orleans-area district for 34 years, is a witty but stubborn cold warrior who has rarely challenged Pentagon policy. Poage, a raspy-voiced Texan who was elected to Congress in 1936, has been an advocate of farm subsidies and opponent of liberalizing food-stamp programs. Ohio's Hays, serving his 14th term, highhandedly controlled many congressional fringe benefits, allocating office space and supervising House employees. Patman is the dean of House Democrats, an old-style populist who rails against "big bankers" and champions low interest rates.

There was no similar upheaval in the more liberal Senate, which paradoxically is more open to new legislative programs than the House but more protective of its clubby internal procedures.

The Senate Republicans, for example, elected Nebraska's four-term Carl Curtis, a conservative and last-ditch defender of Richard Nixon, as chairman of the Republican Conference, over New York's liberal Jacob Javits. Although the Senate Democratic Caucus continued its practice of naming committee chairmen on the basis of seniority for the current two-year Congress, it decided to follow the lead of the House for the session beginning in 1977; at that time the caucus will select chairmen by secret ballot. The Democrats also voted to open all committee meetings and joint House-Senate conference deliberations to the public, except when committee members decide that they must be closed for any of four specific reasons: to protect national security secrets, foreign trade information, the reputations of individuals and the identity of federal agents or law-enforcement officers.

The Senate Democrats also gave preliminary approval to a plan to provide for electronic voting in the Senate chamber—a proposal that has perennially been opposed as a crass modern intrusion on the traditions of that august body (the House instituted an electronic tabulating setup two years ago). Minnesota's Democratic Senator Walter Mondale is trying once again to modify the Senate's well-known Rule 22, which requires a two-thirds margin to cut off a filibuster on any issue. Mondale introduced a motion that would substitute a three-fifths requirement, but the fate of his move was uncertain.

We Must. The Senate was procedurally bogged down in a politically sensitive debate over how to resolve the closest election in Senate history: the contest between New Hampshire's Republican Louis Wyman and Democrat John Durkin for the seat vacated by the retired Norris Cotton. Both men appeared in the Senate, but neither was seated after an indecisive argument over whether to accept Wyman, who had been declared a two-vote winner by a Republican-controlled elections board in New Hampshire. The Senate's Committee on Rules and Administration had failed to resolve the issue, when Alabama Democrat James Allen joined the Republicans on the committee to produce a 4-to-4 deadlock on a Republican motion to seat Wyman. Since Democrats hold a 61-to-38 edge in the Senate, they seem likely to prevail in ordering a review of some 400 ballots that were contested in the final stages of election appeal in New Hampshire.

Overall, however, the Congress was clearly regearing its machinery to respond more quickly to the nation's economic and energy crises. Politically, that is most urgent for the Democrats, who now claim an election mandate to provide leadership. "Our people demand of us that we legislate well, that we legislate with dispatch," Speaker Albert told the House last week. "Legislate we shall, for legislate we must."

him. "I was startled," Thompson said later.

Both Hays and Patman lobbied frantically overnight to rally support before the full caucus would meet the next day. So, too, did Poage and Hébert, who knew that they were in trouble. When the caucus met, the fears of the latter two were justified: both were rejected as nominees to retain their chairmanships. But the caucus also threw the situation into chaos by refusing to go along with the steering committee's choices to replace Patman and Hays. It turned down Reuss, apparently chilled by his solemn demeanor and his public drive for the job, and Thompson, who fell victim to Hays' shrewd counterattack. That meant that the steering committee would have to present two other names, and both Patman and Hays still retained a fighting chance to regain their positions.

Meeting again a day later, the steering committee reversed itself and placed the names of Patman and Hays again in nomination, but whether the caucus

The House examines the committee chairmen.





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INTELLIGENCE

The Directors Defend Themselves

Director William E. Colby admitted last week that the Central Intelligence Agency may have made "some missteps" in its 27-year history. Former Director James R. Schlesinger said that the agency had committed a "small number of misdemeanors," then corrected himself and called them "inappropriate actions." But no matter how cautiously Colby and Schlesinger chose their words, their meaning was clear: they were acknowledging that the CIA had spied for years on an undisclosed number of American dissidents within the U.S.

Theirs were the first official admissions that there was substance to the press allegations of CIA misconduct, and they came as both Congress and President Ford's blue-ribbon commission began separate investigations of the agency. Both Colby and Schlesinger tried to play down the extent of the CIA's domestic activities. Indeed, in a 45-page report to the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee on Intelligence, Colby asserted that "any such missteps in CIA's history were few and far between" and never amounted to a "massive illegal domestic intelligence operation," as reported by the New York Times. He also insisted that the questionable actions ended after Schlesinger became CIA director in January 1973. Seven months later, Colby succeeded Schlesinger, who is now Secretary of Defense.

Some Connections. According to Colby, the CIA's possible "missteps" date from the 1950s but most occurred after President Lyndon Johnson became convinced in 1967 that U.S. black radicals and antiwar groups were receiving money and training from foreign anti-American groups. To investigate those supposed links and keep watch on U.S. dissidents during trips abroad, then CIA Director Richard Helms set up a special unit within the agency's Counter-Intelligence office. In a statement to the Senate Armed Services Committee last week, Helms asserted: "Information was indeed developed [that] the agitation here did in fact have some overseas connections."

According to Colby's report, the unit's investigation of dissidents led to domestic operations that may have skirted, if not violated, a charter provision specifying that the CIA "shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers or internal-security functions" in the U.S. Colby's revelations:

► The CIA in 1967-68 planted ten undercover agents in dissident groups in the Washington, D.C., area to gather intelligence about "demonstrations, pickets, protests or break-ins" that might endanger CIA "personnel, facilities and information." By law, the CIA director can take steps to safeguard CIA oper-

ations and secrets, so up to a point that operation was defensible. But Colby said that the agents' reports were also "made available to the FBI, Secret Service and local police departments." By those actions, the CIA perhaps crossed the boundary of its charter.

► From 1970 to 1973, the CIA infiltrated "about a dozen" agents into U.S. "dissident circles" to provide the agents with cover for operating abroad. That again might be defensible, but Colby went on to say that "some of these individuals submitted reports on the activities of the American dissidents with



CIA DIRECTOR WILLIAM COLBY
Skirting the charter.

whom they were in contact." Again, those actions would seem to violate the CIA charter.

► In the course of keeping watch on U.S. dissidents, the Counter-Intelligence unit established files on about 10,000 U.S. citizens, including a former Congressman. About two-thirds of the names came from the FBI, the remainder from leads developed by the CIA. Colby said that in recent months the CIA has weeded out about 1,000 of the files as "not justified by CIA's counter-intelligence responsibilities." But the inactive files "could be reconstituted should this be required."

The CIA sharply curtailed surveillance of U.S. dissidents last March, when Colby disbanded the special Counter-Intelligence unit and ordered that

the CIA watch Americans abroad only when asked to do so by the FBI. But there were dubious domestic actions by other divisions of the CIA that apparently had no connection with the surveillance of dissidents.

Colby said that the agency, quite apart from the Counter-Intelligence unit's list of 10,000, over the years has compiled lists of names of Americans for reasons "which do appear questionable under CIA's authority; for example, [as a result of] an excessive effort to identify possible 'threats' to the agency's security." Colby said that "a number of [the lists] have been eliminated in the past three years, and the agency's current directives clearly require that no such listings be maintained."

From 1953 until February 1973, according to Colby, the CIA "conducted several programs to survey and open selected mail between the U.S. and two Communist countries." One, for presumed counter-intelligence purposes, was "to identify individuals in active correspondence with Communist countries." The others were "designed primarily to determine the nature and extent of censorship techniques." In a secret addendum to his report, he told the Senate subcommittee that the program involved mail from New York and San Francisco to China and the Soviet Union.

Serious Abuses. Still more surveillance of citizens in two unidentified cities occurred in 1971 and 1972, after a source—Colby described him as "a foreigner visiting in the U.S."—told the CIA of a plot to kidnap Helms and kill Vice President Spiro Agnew. TIME has learned that the scheme was hatched by revolutionaries in Latin America. Although Colby said that the CIA did alert the Secret Service and the FBI of the plot, an intelligence official reported that the agency conducted the investigation in this country virtually without other agency assistance, scrutinizing the activities of black radicals who were believed to be part of the conspiracy.

Colby declared that all questionable CIA activities have ended and that "certainly, at this time, it is my firm belief that no activity of the agency exceeds the limits of its authority." Still, some subcommittee members were not reassured. Said Democrat John Pastore: "There have been serious abuses of authority not satisfactorily explained by the director." But Subcommittee Chairman John McClellan seemed satisfied by the report, saying that the CIA's "mistakes" had been corrected and were "more or less incidental." His obvious lack of enthusiasm fueled sentiment in Congress for taking the investigation out of the hands of the chairman of four congressional panels that are making parallel CIA inquiries. This week the Senate's Democratic caucus was expected to vote to set up a special, bipartisan investigating committee patterned after the Senate Watergate committee.

INVESTIGATIONS

Clouds Over Bunnyland

Though willowy and beautiful, Bobbie Arnstein was one woman who had made it on brains in the sexist hierarchy of Hugh Hefner's Playboy empire. From a receptionist's job, which she took in 1960 shortly after leaving high school, she rose to become Hefner's executive secretary for eleven years. As his alter ego and chief of staff, she saw to a diverse range of the head Playboy's needs, from matters of substance and budget right down to scheduling his private jet and arranging overtime for the butlers in the baronial 100-room Playboy mansion on Chicago's Gold Coast. But Arnstein's world came apart when she was arrested by federal narcotics agents last March and charged with conspiring to transport cocaine from Miami to Chicago. Stoutly denying her guilt, even after conviction last November, she was still engaged in the process of appeal when she was found dead last week, at 34, in a 17th-floor room of a hotel on Chicago's North Side. Coroners, who found lethal doses of a tranquilizer, a sleep-inducing drug, and a barbiturate in her body, ruled her death an apparent suicide.

The news sent shock waves through a Playboy regime already besieged by rumor, innuendo and investigation. Arnstein's death compounded the mystery of alleged hard-drug use among Playboy employees, and among the unceasing flow of celebrity guests through the Chicago mansion and Hefner's newest Xanadu, the 30-room Playboy Mansion West on a 5½-acre estate in Los Angeles. Stories that both pleasure domes have been the scenes of parties mixing occasional kinky sex with drugs inevitably have attracted federal and

state narcotic investigators; Hefner, 48, is almost too tempting a target to ignore, so publicized is his fantasy-fulfilling life. Arnstein, the first Playboy employee ever convicted in a drug case, had been dealt an unusually harsh penalty—a 15-year conditional sentence. Hefner's defenders suspect that one reason the prosecutors asked for the tough sentence was so that Arnstein, hoping to get it reduced, would provide them with evidence that Hefner himself trafficked in—and perhaps used—hard drugs.

Twice Before. A grieving and angered Hefner flew from Los Angeles to Chicago on learning of Arnstein's suicide. At an emotional, defensive press conference at the mansion, Hefner denied rumors of rampant drug use in his domain and charged that the dead woman had been "driven beyond endurance" by federal investigators. "This is not a legitimate investigation at all, but a politically motivated one," said Hefner, a "conspiracy to get me and Playboy." Describing Arnstein as "one of the best, brightest, most worthwhile women I've ever known," Hefner also insisted on his own total innocence of drug involvement: "I have never used cocaine or any hard drug or narcotic, and I am willing to swear to that under oath."

In her five-page suicide note, Arnstein backed up her boss's claims. "I don't suppose it matters that I say it," she wrote, "but Hugh M. Hefner is—though few will ever realize it—a

Arnstein that they had information that a "contract" had been taken out on her life. Hefner heatedly charged that no such contract ever existed, and that federal officials had been using invented "threats" to coerce testimony from Arnstein about Hefner's own drug use.

Given the free-wheeling Playboy lifestyle practiced at both mansions, and the trooping through of all sorts of guests, including rock groups and movie stars, it would be naive indeed for Hefner or anyone to assert that drugs have never been used on his premises (Adrienne Pollack, once a Playboy Bunny, died of an overdose of the drug methaqualone in September 1973). The question is whether Hefner or his staff provided drugs along with the soap and towels. Hefner's associates say that it is highly doubtful that hard drug or even marijuana consumption took place under Hefner's eyes—or with his approval. In the past, Hefner has been a heavy user only of amphetamines—mostly to keep himself awake during his marathon editorial conferences.

Less Need. But even this practice of Hefner's is said to have changed in recent years. More and more leaving the day-to-day running of his enterprises to others, Hefner, working less, apparently has less need for stimulants. As for use of hard drugs by those around him, the former security chief for Playboy Enterprises, Inc., Allen Crawford, 50, said in an interview in the Chicago *Tribune* that he was aware of drugs, including marijuana and cocaine, being used in the Chicago mansion. When he warned senior Playboy officials about the drugs and they took no action, he resigned. But even Crawford was careful to point out in the interview that he had never discussed the matter directly with Hefner, and he underscored his belief that whatever illicit drug activity may take place in Hefner's mansion, "that doesn't mean Hefner has knowledge of it, or condones it, or distributes."

The drug allegations are the most sensational of the clouds that have gathered over Hefner's empire of late. The company's annual report last September indicated that earnings for fiscal 1974 fell a staggering 48% from the preceding fiscal year. During the same period, *Playboy's* circulation fell by a quarter of a million (current circulation: 6.1 million). His fledgling two-year-old *Oui* magazine was holding its own, but not much more. Aside from the Playboy clubs in England (which turn a neat profit thanks to their gambling parlors), the company's hotel-and-clubs division continues to drain profits from the flagship magazine, and Hefner's ventures into moviemaking have been disastrous (his most recent film: *The Crazy World of Julius Vrooder*). In an unpleasant omen for any corporation, the two outside members of Playboy Enterprises' board of directors resigned last month, citing as their reason "the current adverse publicity."

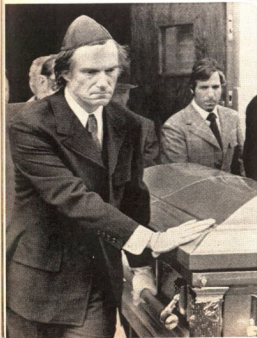
PLAYBOY



SUICIDE BOBBIE ARNSTEIN
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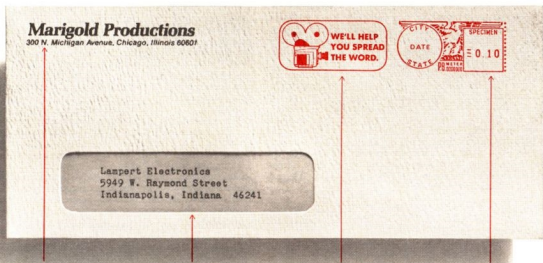
staunchly upright, rigorously moral man and I know him well and he has never been involved in the criminal activity which is being attributed to him now." Though the motive for her suicide remained open to speculation, she had tried to kill herself in a similar way twice before, and Hefner described her as an "already emotionally troubled young woman" even before her prosecution.

Adding to her difficulties may have been a fact that the federal investigators acknowledge: last December they told



HEFNER CARRYING ARNSTEIN'S CASKET

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In Defense of Politicians: Do We Ask Too Much?

The 94th Congress that assembled last week is sprinkled with bright new members who seem intent on embarking in new directions. Oddly enough, this promising shift is the result of last November's torpid election, in which only 38% of Americans of voting age cast ballots. That apathetic performance confirms a disillusionment with politicians that has been gathering for a long time.

"From the beginning of the Republic," House Speaker Nicholas Longworth once complained, "it has been the duty of every freeborn humorist to make jokes at us." He may have had in mind Mark Twain's crack that Congress is our only native American criminal class. But there have been times in recent years when the entire nation could have been indicted for contempt of Congress.

Politicians have a bad name: a lot of fathers would not want their daughters to marry one, and candidates' wives openly express the wish that their husbands were in some other line of work. But at the very least, politicians are entitled to plead, in the words of the old song: "You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied." That plea will probably get them about as much sympathy as the jilted lover gets, but it deserves to be considered. Complacent public discussion usually turns on the poor quality of the candidates up for election. Only rarely are two more pertinent questions asked: In its demands, is the public emphasizing the wrong qualities in a man? And is the public making failure inevitable by entertaining false expectations of what a man can do in office? These questions apply to all politicians, even to the ones who become Presidents.

The very public that asks politicians to be statesmen will not forgive them for failing to look first after that public's narrower interests. The first bleak lesson a young idealist in politics learns is that his idealism may give him an attractive freshness, but his durability in office will be decided on more practical grounds: by a public looking for a public servant. Thus Gerald Ford probably did not think of himself as cynical but as merely playing his trade when he cautioned reporters not to judge how he would act in the White House on the basis of how he had voted in Congress. "Forget the voting record," he said. "The voting record reflects Grand Rapids."

Compare that with Edmund Burke's celebrated 18th century address to the electors of Bristol, in which he promised the voters not obedience to their desires but the free exercise of his judgment. Burke's elevated remark won an enduring place in political history—but he soon fell out of favor with his Bristol electors. America's founding fathers decreed that Congressmen should face re-election every two years to give them "immediate dependency" on the electorate. A public that scorns Congress as a whole usually likes its own Congressman, particularly if he has made it his business to please them. For all the talk of throwing the rascals out, close to 90% of Congressmen regularly win re-election. Often, it is not just that the down-home voters like (or at least tolerate) their man in Washington, but that they recognize that his increased seniority helps him to do better by his district.

Incumbency is thus a politician's most cherished possession. He will think twice, and then a third time, about any vote that will jeopardize his seat; profiles in courage are rare enough, but a fullface confrontation with danger is what a skilled politician is most skilled at avoiding. Incumbency is also beautiful in the eyes of the giver. As Common Cause points out, the decisive factor in raising campaign contributions is not whether the candidate is a Republican or Democrat, but whether he is an "in" or an "out." Incumbents get three times as much. No wonder Congressmen are willing to reform presidential campaign financing but not their own.

What helps the Boston Navy Yard or Grand Rapids or General Motors may not equally help the nation, but every successful Congressman is a master of specific service. He steers

himself to a committee assignment (agriculture, military affairs) where he can best serve the dominant interests of his district, and if he sits there long enough he can become one of those committee barons whom the rest of the nation may deplore but cannot unseat.

In a nation so big that, in European terms, its politics are not those of a country but of a continent, most politicians become knowledgeable in the competing pressures of society, and learn to mediate among them (that is their real specialty). Ella Grasso, the new Governor of Connecticut, says that working in an earlier campaign for Senator Abe Ribicoff taught her "the importance, the integrity of compromise." In Washington, living among interests whose agents are sleepless and persistent (lobbyists for unions, industries, veterans, teachers, doctors), a Congressman rarely hears the voice of the ordinary, unorganized voter—until that voter decides to become angry with him. Often when a Congressman casts his best, most disinterested votes, he does so in defiance of specific interests and to an indifferent silence from everyone else.

A new Congressman may have arrived after a successful career elsewhere, but he must still undergo a humbling apprenticeship. Anxious to make his mark among his jostling peers, he will have ingested Sam Rayburn's advice that to get along, go along; perhaps he has also learned from John Nance Garner that "you can't know everything well. Learn one subject thoroughly." In a place where talk is cheap and oratory poor, his fellow legislators will judge him by whether he has "done his homework" well—and that phrase accurately registers the tedium involved. Going along, getting along, he becomes part of the system; a student of fallibility and a scholar of compromise; a man who nonetheless tries to be guided by, and to act upon, his own convictions as much as he can; in short, a politician. He may still be an honorable man, but is no longer an innocent one.

The process both educates and cripples. And from the most ambitious among such men, the public discovers its Presidents. It may be unhappy with the narrowed choices provided (Nixon v. Humphrey in 1968; Nixon v. McGovern in 1972) but it rarely looks elsewhere. John Gardner, Ralph Nader and half a dozen university presidents or business executives may be estimable men, but never having submitted themselves to the bruising and bleeding of the electoral route, they are thought not to have

BAD POLITICIANS: "DIOGENES HAS FOUND THE HONEST MAN—(WHICH IS DIOGENES, AND WHICH IS THE HONEST MAN?)" ...



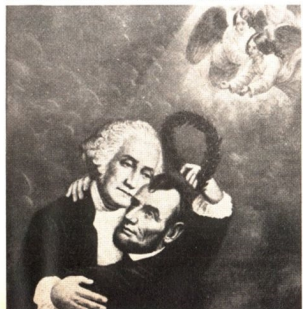
paid their dues. Something is lacking in hard knowledge, in the experience of deferring to the public will, in the despised political art of accommodation, in the adrenaline of ambition. The taste of it, as Lincoln said, must be in your mouth a little. The tradition that the man seeks the office, not the other way around, may explain Gerald Ford's strange lassitude about the potentialities of the office in his first months as the nation's first appointed Chief Executive—though last week's State of the Union message gave him another opportunity to try to rise to the needs of the presidency.

As President, Ford at least had the earlier advantage, in common with all Congressmen, of a weary familiarity with most of the topics—missiles, farm subsidies, taxes—that beset the Oval Office. Hours of debate and committee meetings, even if only fitfully attended, give any Congressman a shrewd awareness of the flash points of contention on any subject. Governors lack that schooling, though they get better training as administrators. Theirs used to be a well-trod route to the White House until the overwhelming importance of world affairs made any state capital seem too parochial a preparation for the White House. With the public demanding a wider range of presidential choices, though, the rejection of Governors as candidates in recent years may be changing—as indeed it should.

For just look at them, these presidential hopefuls, all men of some worth, as they strive for attention, climbing the ladder of national familiarity—*Meet the Press*, appearances on the *Today* show—until their very fluency becomes a tic. (How easy at this stage to underestimate their potentialities, as Walter Lippmann famously did Franklin Roosevelt's, considering him an amiable fellow with a queer desire to be President.) Habitually the public measures presidential candidates for Superman's costume, and almost inevitably finds them lacking. Could it be the Superman costume that is one of the problems?

Great Presidents who are still popular on the day they leave office make a very short list. Often it is not until much later that the public retroactively admires men like Lincoln and Truman, who were widely condemned by their contemporaries. The British political scientist Harold Laski had a relaxed theory about the elasticity of the U.S. presidency and the kind of Presidents accordingly to be sought. In times of crisis, as in the wartime presidencies of Lincoln, Wilson and Roosevelt, Presidents uneasily wielded the powers of dictators; authority that had been skillfully diffused throughout Government was concentrated in one person until the crisis was surmounted. But to Laski the "whole genius of the system" was against the continuation of such power.

... AND GOOD ONES: UNIDENTIFIED ARTIST'S CONCEPT OF ASSASSINATED LINCOLN BEING WELCOMED INTO HEAVEN BY WASHINGTON



er, if only because, in James Madison's words, "the accumulation of powers in a single hand is the very definition of tyranny." Besides, once the danger has passed, other interests, in and out of Government, want their power back. Throughout most of American history, the public has thus been satisfied with what Theodore Roosevelt called "Buchanan Presidents."

In his classic 1888 study of American politics, Lord Bryce titled one chapter "Why Great Men Are Not Chosen Presidents." Between a brilliant and a safe man, he thought, parties would invariably choose the safe. "The ordinary voter does not object to mediocrity," thought Bryce; he likes a President to be sensible, vigorous and magnetic, but "does not value, because he sees no need for, originality or profundity or a wide knowledge. Great men are not in quiet times absolutely needed."

Yes, but who lives in quiet times any more?

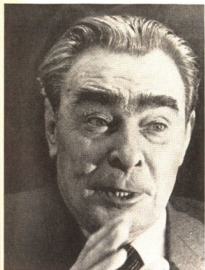
For four decades, ever since 1933, America has been living with a presumption of continuing emergency. A vanity in crisis survival has developed. Eisenhower, that least energetic of Chief Executives, talked about crusades; Johnson declared a war on poverty; the Kennedys thrilled over the technological gadgetry of crisis situation rooms that made macho solutions more tempting. The public has come to demand outside Presidents, and then to be disappointed with them. Think of it: this man might have to press the button—though for nearly 30 years no one has pressed the button. Summit meetings have been dramatized as the drawn-out process of wary reconciliation can be achieved only by one particular, indispensable President.

The gap between the public's expectation of Presidents and the reality has grown so great that it can only be bridged, if at all, by a public relations campaign of pretense and concealment. Television has given an unsettling emphasis to a certain kind of publicity skill. George Washington would have made a dull TV performer. As the first effective television President, Kennedy proved how important it was to be fast on his feet. This helped to set a demanding new standard that elevates flash over substance. The effect of television—which in one year can make an unknown face tiresomely overfamiliar—has been to disqualify able but uncharismatic men, and to make others (Humphrey and Muskie come to mind) glib parodies of their once more impressive selves.

In the present atmosphere, no one seems good enough to be President. Perhaps one difficulty comes from a public confusion about what kind of crisis, or combination of crises, the country faces and therefore the kind of qualities it seeks in the man. The romantic longing to rally behind bold leadership, as if this were a wartime emergency with a simple, patriotically accepted goal to be personified in one man, is too simplistic a remedy for that messy complexity of economic, moral and social problems we all struggle with. The time has come to de-emphasize not the office of the presidency but the myth of the omnipotent President, reigning from the Oval Office, glorified for being lonely in his ordeals when he should be judged by whether he can inspire independent men around him, can listen to divergent advice and make clear choices, and can then invoke the strengths of the nation as a whole.

To recognize the complexity of problems that defy facile, masterly solutions is to reintroduce those qualities in which a politician should excel: an ability to discriminate between conflicting arguments and pressures, a sense of the public mood, a gift for articulating issues and rallying support, an egotistical confidence in decision. Presidents with healthy egos learn to recruit minds better trained or more specialized, as Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy pre-eminently did. They borrow ideas but reserve to themselves, as experts in the art of mediating, the pragmatic political judgments of how far they can go and when. Roosevelt more than Kennedy had a confident sense of the national direction. When this essential ingredient of leadership is combined with the practical knowledge of the feasible, the utilitarian art of politics finds its moments of nobility, and the craftsmanship of the consummate politician justifies his demeaning apprenticeship. Greatness? That is a description only to be bestowed afterward.

■ Thomas Griffith



BREZHNEV IN 1974



KOSYGIN & WHITLAM MEETING IN MOSCOW



KISSINGER BREAKS THE NEWS

THE WORLD

DIPLOMACY

A Serious But Not Fatal Blow to Détente

When Moscow repudiated its trade agreements with Washington last week, three years of delicate and arduous negotiations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. were aborted. Was something else aborted as well—namely the whole carefully crafted structure of détente between Washington and Moscow?

The Kremlin action came in angry response to conditions imposed by Congress, such as the so-called Jackson Amendment (*see box*). In declaring their 1972 trade accord with the U.S. invalid, the Soviets rejected by extension the Trade Reform Act signed by President Ford early this year. Thus the U.S.S.R. spurned lower U.S. tariff rates and \$300 million in Export-Import Bank credits, while reneging on their agreement to repay \$722 million in wartime Lend-Lease debts to the U.S.

Isolated Incident. The Soviet action was a serious, though probably not fatal blow to détente. Both Soviet Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev and U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger have long stressed that the normalization of trade relations was a prerequisite for Soviet-American cooperation on such contentious issues as nuclear arms control and peace in the Middle East and Southeast Asia. Last week, however, Kissinger presented the Soviet cancellation as an isolated incident in the general course of détente. He characterized Moscow's move as merely an "interruption"—not "a final break." Shortly thereafter, the official Soviet news agency Tass de-

clared that the Soviet Union is still "emphatically" in favor of détente.

In spite of these disclaimers, the Soviet decision to scuttle its trade accord with the U.S. constituted a major reversal of Kremlin policy. Determined to modernize their economy, the Russians—who will launch a vast, multibillion-dollar 15-year plan in 1976—want massive foreign investment, industrial know-how and sophisticated technology from the U.S. Although such aid has long been available from Japan and Western Europe, the Soviets calculated that only the U.S. could provide the technology for such grandiose enterprises as the \$5 billion truck-manufacturing complex on the Kama River. In light of this hunger for credits, Moscow was stunningly humiliated when the Senate tacked an amendment onto an Export-Import Bank bill setting the paltry \$300 million limit on the amount that would be available to the Soviets. It was probably this amendment, sponsored by Illinois Democrat Adlai Stevenson III, even more than the emigration amendment tacked onto the trade bill by Washington Democrat Henry Jackson, that finally prompted the Russians to scuttle the trade agreement. Kissinger, who opposed the credit ceiling, dismissed the sum as "peanuts." For the prideful Kremlin, it was an intolerable putdown.

Compounding the injury to Soviet national dignity was the wide publicity given in the U.S. to the understanding between Kissinger and Brezhnev on the

issue of emigration from the U.S.S.R. The Soviets were initially disposed to comply with at least some congressional pressure to liberalize emigration policy—mainly toward Soviet Jews—in exchange for trade concessions. The Kremlin waived the oppressive "education tax" on applicants for exit visas, and in the past two years allowed 54,000 Jews to leave the country. But the Russians were appalled by the strident congressional debate on the issue and the publication of letters between Kissinger and Senator Jackson spelling out Soviet assurances to let out more would-be émigrés "promptly." They perceived the public ventilation of diplomatic dealings—normal in a free society—as an affront to their sovereignty. As a Soviet intellectual in Moscow put it: "Jackson's triumphant statements were a mistake by him and a provocation to us." Besides, by refusing to submit to pressure, the Russians no doubt were hoping to damage the presidential chances of a man whom they regularly denounce as an "infamous cold-warrior."

Principal Victims. Paradoxically, U.S.-U.S.S.R. trade will probably suffer little from the Kremlin cancellation. Existing contracts between the Soviet government and American firms are likely to remain in effect. Nor are new contracts precluded by the nullification of the trade accord. Many analysts expect that the present \$1 billion U.S.-U.S.S.R. annual trade volume will not be significantly reduced. As for the technology

that the Soviets require. Tass has already indicated that Moscow is still looking toward the West, "not excepting the most economically powerful Western nation—the U.S.A." The Kremlin may now reckon that Congress, discouraged by its inability to make the Soviets change their internal policy and fearing a genuine breakdown in détente, will eventually abandon its demands. There is not the slightest indication that Congress will.

The principal victims of the Soviet cancellation may well be the 130,000 Russian Jews who are awaiting permission to emigrate. Since early December,

harassment of would-be émigrés has intensified and the number of Jews allowed to leave has dropped to a four-year low (TIME, Jan. 20). But Moscow-based diplomats, and Israeli Sovietologists, were hopeful that the U.S.S.R. would not entirely halt emigration. Said Israeli Analyst Alain Guiney: "While the cancellation has undoubtedly worsened the situation of Soviet Jews, it should not be forgotten that the Soviets are still interested in an economic agreement with the U.S., and they are aware that if they ring down the emigration gates altogether they will not get it."

The Soviet action also heightened

worldwide speculation that yet another victim may be the man who, on the Soviet side, initiated, nurtured and negotiated the trade accord in the first place: Leonid Brezhnev. Top government officials in Washington and in European capitals continued to dismiss rumors of an impending Kremlin shake-up as fanciful. But persistent reports of the 68-year-old Brezhnev's ill health, coupled with the defeat of his trade policy, lent a bit more credence to conjectures that he may be ousted. And Sovietologists noted that even though Brezhnev was seen riding in his Zil limousine in Moscow last week, he did not receive Gough

Saga of the Jackson Amendment

The U.S.-Soviet trade agreement rejected by Moscow last week involved a remarkably strange piece of legislation. The enactment of the Trade Reform Act, after two years of haggling and deliberation, marked a rare moment when Congress not only dictated U.S. foreign policy but also tried to determine the domestic policy of another country. During its two-year peregrination to passage, the bill gave rise to some strange alliances and taut confrontations. Congressional conservatives opposing trade with Russia joined with liberals concerned with human rights and the AFL-CIO, which feared the loss of American jobs. U.S. Jewish organizations were firmly ranged against the actions of a Jewish Secretary of State. Two Presidents vied for power with a Senator who was after their job. The highlights:

MAY 29, 1972. At the Moscow summit, President Nixon and Soviet Party Leader Leonid Brezhnev agree on liberalizing U.S.-Soviet trade as an element of their ripening policy of détente.

AUGUST. To discourage Jews from applying to leave for Israel, the Soviet government clamps on an emigration tax of as much as \$30,000 a person.

SEPTEMBER. Washington Senator Henry Jackson, working closely with U.S. Jewish leaders, links the prohibitive Soviet tax with the trade bill Nixon has placed before Congress. Jackson declares: "The time has come to place our highest human values ahead of the trade dollar."

OCT. 4. Jackson, along with 76 Senate co-sponsors, tacks an amendment onto the trade-bill legislation prohibiting most-favored-nation status for any "non-Market-economy country" that limits the right of emigration—a scarcely veiled allusion to the plight of Soviet Jewry. A similar amendment is introduced in the House by Ohio Congressman Charles A. Vanik.

OCT. 18. The Soviet-American trade agreement, the outlines of which were agreed on at the Moscow summit, is signed in Washington.

SEPTEMBER, 1973. PepsiCo Chairman Donald M. Kendall and other business leaders who stand to benefit from increased trade unite to lobby against the amendment. Administration spokesmen continue to accuse Jackson of unwarranted interference in Soviet domestic affairs.

DEC. 11. In its first test, the Vanik Amendment breezes through the House 319 to 80. Kissinger says that he might recommend a presidential veto of the entire trade bill if a compromise on the amendment cannot be found.

MARCH 6, 1974. Exploring a compromise, Kissinger and Jackson consider allowing the President to extend the trade benefits if the Soviets would give specific assurance that they would end harassment of émigrés and substantially increase levels of emigration over the high mark set in 1973. Kissinger tells Jackson that Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko has privately assured him that the flow of Jewish émigrés will increase and harassment will diminish.

AUG. 15. A week after Nixon's resignation, President Ford suggests, at a breakfast meeting with the amendment's Senate backers, that an 18-month waiver be put on its punitive provisions. He promises to act unilaterally to invoke them if Soviet assurances to Kissinger of liberalized emigration are not carried out.

OCT. 18. An exchange of letters between the two Henrys is released. Henry Jackson spells out specific criteria that the Congress expects to be followed, including minimum emigration quotas of 60,000 people a year. Though Jackson and Jewish leaders are now willing to let the amended bill pass, conservatives and labor leaders remain opposed. In Moscow, at a state dinner for U.S. Treasury Secretary William Simon, Brezhnev offers a premonitory toast: "Attempts to condition the development of trade and economic ties by putting demands to the Soviet Union on questions totally unconnected with the trade and economic field and lying fully within the domestic com-

petence of states are utterly irrelevant and unacceptable."

OCT. 26. Visiting Moscow, Henry Kissinger is lectured by an angry Leonid Brezhnev and handed a letter from Gromyko. The letter, which is not made public for two more months, denounces the Jackson Amendment and threatens rejection of the 1972 trade agreement.

DEC. 3. Before the Senate Finance Committee, Kissinger reaffirms that he and President Ford, at Vladivostok, have received Soviet assurances of good faith in allowing emigration.

DEC. 13. The Senate passes the trade bill with the Jackson Amendment and the 18-month conditional waiver.

DEC. 16. The Senate votes to amend the Export-Import Bank bill to limit credits to the Soviet Union to \$300 million. With the U.S. economy in danger, supporters of the measure argue, Americans are unlikely to favor mass subsidization of the Soviet economy.

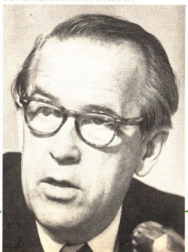
DEC. 18. Moscow releases the Gromyko letter and denies that it gave Kissinger assurances of an increase in Soviet emigration—a warning that the agreement itself may be rebuffed.

DEC. 20. The Senate and House pass a final compromise trade bill.

JAN. 3, 1975. Ford signs the Trade Reform Act into law.

JAN. 14. Kissinger announces Soviet rejection of the trade agreement.

SOVIET NEMESIS HENRY JACKSON



THE WORLD

Whitlam, the first Australian Premier ever to visit Moscow. Prime Minister Aleksei Kosygin did the honors. Whitlam was told that Brezhnev had a "heavy cold" and was "resting outside Moscow." This suggested that Brezhnev is actually incapacitated or that his Politburo colleagues mean him to appear so. "Reasons of health," was the official rationale for Nikita Khrushchev's forced resignation in 1964.

February Gauge. Brezhnev's failure to meet with Whitlam, however, could also be interpreted as a diplomatic gesture to the Egyptians, who were told that Brezhnev was too ill to make a scheduled visit to Cairo.

Brezhnev may have covered his flanks on the trade bill by preparing the way for an eventual turnaround in the event that it did not come up to his—and his Politburo colleagues'—expectations. According to this line of reasoning, Brezhnev may have reduced the damage to his position. But there is no question that the trade blowup has caused him problems. Just how severe they may be will be better gauged when British Prime Minister Harold Wilson arrives in Moscow next month. Will Brezhnev meet with Wilson? And what success will he have in promoting another of his cherished and long-thwarted goals, a 35-nation summit of the Soviet-sponsored European Security Conference?

A telling test of Brezhnev's détente policy will come even sooner—at the SALT (Strategic Arms Limitation Talks) meeting that reopens in Geneva at the end of January. Top Administration officials in Washington concede that these second-stage talks, designed to implement the agreements reached by Brezhnev and President Ford at Vladivostok, will be "more difficult" as a result of the trade dispute. A Soviet diplomat issued the enigmatic warning that "there is a new psychological atmosphere." And at week's end Soviet Ambassador to the U.S. Anatoli Dobrynin was summoned to Moscow for a top-level reassessment of foreign policy.

Still, as a State Department expert put it, "SALT has survived the Cambodian invasion, the mining of Haiphong and the Middle East war." In spite of this week's serious setback, the Soviet cancellation of the trade agreement may well prove to be a tactical but not a strategic retreat from détente.

CHINA

A Triumph for the Moderates

The signs had indicated all week that an event of major importance was taking place in China. Provincial leaders were absent from their posts; hotels in Peking were fully booked; phalanxes of shiny limousines were observed at Peking's Great Hall of the People. Finally, late last week, the announcement came from China's Hsinhua News Agency that the National People's Congress, theoretically China's top legislative body, had been meeting secretly since Jan. 13. It was the first time that the Congress had been convened in a decade. Long expected and long postponed, it produced results that for the first time since the Cultural Revolution of the '60s officially gave China a top leadership group.

The very fact that the Congress could take place at all indicated that Peking's fractured leadership had come a long way toward resolving its differences. Indeed, visually, the Congress was a showpiece of elusive party unity. Lined up on the rostrum before a giant picture of Chairman Mao were representatives of just about every one of Peking's factions—from the brash young radical Wang Hung-wen to relative conservatives like Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien. But the actual results of the Congress, especially its choice of men for high positions, constituted a striking victory for the party's moderates. The major appointments:

► Chou En-lai, 76, was reaffirmed Premier, a post he has held since the founding of the People's Republic in 1949. Under oblique but unmistakable attack from radical elements in the party since early last year, Chou had at times appeared to be politically weak. Now that he has been confirmed in China's top government position, it has become clear that even while in the hospital with heart trouble, the ever masterful politician has been manipulating the reconstruction of the party from behind the scenes.

► Yeh Chien-ying, 76, was appointed Defense Minister, a post that had been vacant since 1971, when Lin Piao died in a plane crash after allegedly trying to assassinate Party Chairman Mao

Tse-tung. A member of the Communist Party since 1927 and as a Politburo appointee, one of China's chief negotiators with Henry Kissinger, the rumpled, jowly Yeh has long been highly esteemed in both party and army circles. He has, however, always been a stalwart supporter of Mao's dictum that "the party commands the gun"; thus his appointment symbolized the reassertion of party authority over often independent-minded military leaders.

► Teng Hsiao-ping, 70, the shrewd party bureaucrat who over the last year has performed many of Chou En-lai's duties, was promoted to First Vice Premier and elevated to vice-chairmanship of the Communist Party (there are five other Vice Chairmen). The appointment accelerated Teng's spectacular rise from utter disgrace during the Cultural Revolution (when he was branded "the No. 2 capitalist roader," after Lui Shao-chi) and gives him an official position that accords with the great power he wields. Many observers feel now that Teng has moved to first in line to succeed Chou, or at the premier's death possibly even Mao.

Significantly, the N.P.C.'s key choices strongly represented the kind of professionalism and party regularity that was valued before the heady experimentalism of the Cultural Revolution. Confirmed at the apex of both the party and the government, the three will almost surely promote moderate policies. Concretely, that should mean the continuation of détente in foreign affairs and a domestic emphasis on building the economy rather than on campaigns for ideological purification.

Ebbing Power. Radical party members, though active at the Congress, were virtually excluded from its appointments. Even Mao's wife Chiang Ching, whose influence soared spectacularly last year, failed to be named Minister of Culture, a post she had filled unofficially but dictatorially since the days of the Cultural Revolution. Instead, the post went to a little-known opera composer, Yu Hui-yung. Yu's promotion will by no means eliminate the radicals' influence in the cultural realm, but it does

TENG HSIAO-PING

CHOU EN-LAI AND YEH CHIEN-YING AT PEKING AIRPORT



CHOU EN-LAI AND YEH CHIEN-YING AT PEKING AIRPORT

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Honda Civic. What the

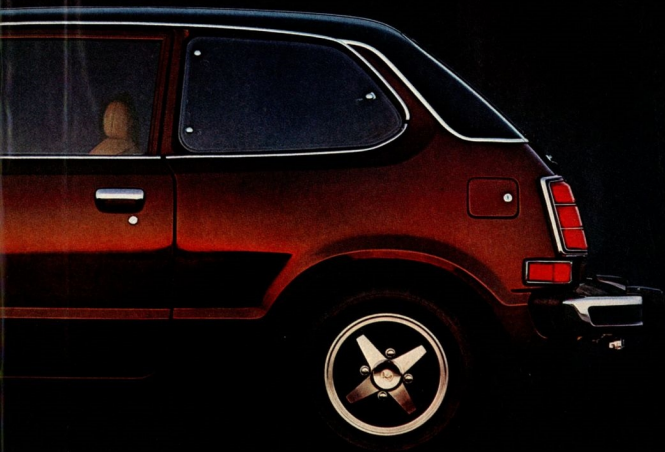
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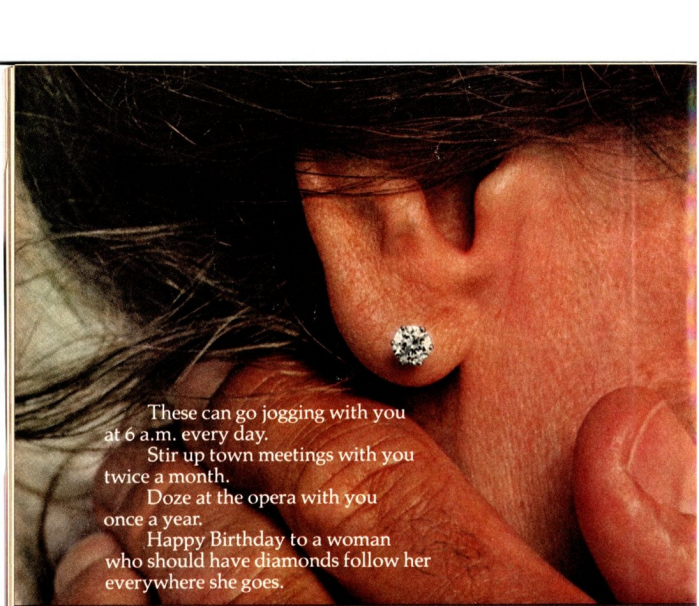
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HONDA CIVIC

A close-up, artistic photograph of a woman's face, focusing on her ear and cheek. She is wearing a single, brilliant-cut diamond stud earring. Her hair is dark and slightly tousled. The lighting is soft, highlighting the texture of her skin and the facets of the diamond.

These can go jogging with you
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indicate an ebbing of their power in an area they long dominated.

The unmistakable trend toward moderation did not resolve all of China's problems. On the crucial issue of succession, for example, some large questions remained unanswered. Teng Hsiao-ping would after Chou probably lead the pack of successors should Chairman Mao pass from the scene. Yet Teng is himself an old man; moreover, the comparatively young radicals who attacked him during the Cultural Revolution still occupy high party positions and could clearly make strong bids for the party chairmanship themselves.

As for Mao, he was surprisingly not present at either the Congress or the Central Committee plenum that preceded it, though in the past he had played a conspicuous role at virtually all key meetings. While his role is not precisely known, it is clear that the Congress acted in harmony with his wishes. It was Mao, after all, who several weeks ago sanctioned the current move toward moderation. "The Cultural Revolution has been going on for eight years," he wrote. "It is now time for things to settle down."

INDOCHINA

Bloody Peace

Not since January 1973, when the Paris Accords supposedly brought peace, had the fighting in Indochina been so bloody. Following up their capture of Phuoc Long province earlier this month (TIME, Jan. 20), Communist forces last week kept relentless pressure on the Saigon government with small-unit action throughout the country. Saigon claimed that in the nine days following the fall of Phuoc Binh, capital of Phuoc Long, 3,066 Communist soldiers were killed while 484 government troops died and 1,661 were wounded.

The heaviest main-force fighting took place in the provinces of Thua Thien and Binh Dinh, several hundred miles northeast of Saigon, where government troops tried to block Communist efforts to push into rice-rich coastal regions. Viet Cong shells fell intermittently on several towns like Bien Hoa near Saigon while south of the capital, in the economically crucial Mekong Delta, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong forces in small-unit action disrupted river and road communications and raided small government outposts in an effort to push Saigon's men back into provincial capitals and district towns. Saigon's response was to take to the air with more than 100 sorties daily against Communist anti-aircraft positions and supply convoys. In one bombing attack northwest of Kontum City, Saigon claimed that it destroyed 203 Soviet-built Molotov trucks carrying ammunition, food and fuel for Communist soldiers.



CAMBODIAN REFUGEE AT RELIEF CENTER

The Communists probably will avoid opening up a full-scale frontal offensive—in part to avoid provoking the U.S. Congress into increasing military aid to South Viet Nam. What they are apparently trying to do, instead, is encourage the urban-centered non-Communist opposition in South Viet Nam to force the resignation of President Nguyen Van Thieu. Evidently the North Vietnamese and the Provisional Revolutionary Government (P.R.G.) believe that with Thieu out of power, they could eventually dominate a coalition government.

Unlike the scattered fighting in South Viet Nam, the war in neighboring Cambodia was concentrated in one area: the key Mekong River city of Neak Luong, the last major government-held area on the river from a point 15 miles south of Phnom-Penh all the way to the Vietnamese border 71 miles distant. While 1,000 government troops were being helicoptered into the city—joining some 20,000 civilian refugees from the surrounding countryside—Communist forces on the opposite bank of the river kept up a terrifyingly random shelling that killed or maimed hundreds of civilians as well as soldiers.

By week's end, though government forces seemed strong enough to hold the city, there was little rice or medicine available even for people with money to buy it. In a gruesome reminder that the Cambodian war was getting not only hotter but more savage, the insurgent Khmer Rouge last week wantonly slaughtered 50 villagers in Prek Pheou ten miles northwest of Phnom-Penh; newsmen arriving on the scene only hours after the atrocity discovered that all had died from stab wounds, not, as is more usual, from being caught accidentally in a crossfire.

While the battle for Neak Luong went on, the Cambodian capital of Phnom-Penh, which normally gets 80% of its supplies from the Mekong, was cut off from its thrice-weekly convoys from South Viet Nam. Yet, even with fighting taking place on the city's outskirts, most people seemed almost unconcerned. TIME Correspondent Peter Range reported last week from Phnom-Penh:



ROCKET-ATTACK VICTIM

Hotter and more savage.

"Daytime tennis at the Cercle Sportif Cambodge is accompanied by the very audible chatter of 20-mm. machine guns. Bars serving Westerners function well beyond the 9 o'clock curfew when the streets become completely empty. It is hard to believe that just 15 miles down the Mekong, the war in Cambodia smolders on, an ever more bloody stalemate with no end yet in sight."

MIDDLE EAST

The P.L.O. Strategy: Fight and Talk

Like armed commuters, Israeli patrols struck the Arqub region of southern Lebanon for six successive nights last week. They had been stirred up by Palestinian guerrillas who had ambushed an Israeli halftrack, which had been patrolling the frontier hoping to knock out fedayeen before they could mount raids on Israeli settlements. The incident eventually provoked some of the heaviest fighting on the border in two years. In the village of Kfar Chouba, on the western slopes of Mount Hermon, fedayeen fought the Israelis stubbornly. During the past week, four fedayeen were killed and 12 wounded; the Israelis suffered 15 wounded.

In addition to heavy border fighting, there was a bizarre but chillingly familiar encounter last week in faraway Paris. An El Al 707 Boeing jet taxiing slowly down an Orly Airport runway toward a takeoff for New York was apparently attacked by two men carrying



PALESTINIANS PARADING WITH POSTER OF ARAFAT WAVING GUN & OLIVE BRANCH
Putting emphasis on moderation and attainable goals.

Soviet-built bazookas. One round plowed into an airport catering building. A second ripped a hole in a Yugoslav DC-9 jetliner about to load passengers for Zagreb. No one was seriously injured, and the terrorists, believed to be Palestinians, escaped.

In Beirut, spokesmen for the Palestine Liberation Organization disclaimed responsibility for the Paris incident. The Lebanese border fighting was a different matter. Guerrillas, reportedly including members of the Syria-based Saika and Palestine Liberation Army units, were in the Arqub looking for chinks in the Israeli border. That border, as a result of earlier Palestinian attacks on civilian settlements, has now been almost hermetically sealed. The frontier, reported *TIME*'s Daniel Drooz after a trip there last week, is rigged with devices to forestall infiltration. There are observation posts, defoliated zones, minefields and electronic detectors, searchlights and magnesium flares for nighttime detection and barbed wire. "If they can get their hands up faster than I can pull the trigger," one soldier told Drooz, "then I'll take them prisoner."

The border probes by the Palestinians are designed to keep pressure on Israel as part of a "gun and olive branch" strategy designed by P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat. The leader of the fedayeen has declared that "1975 will be the year of escalation." Even though Israel so far refuses to recognize the P.L.O., the emphasis is more and more on talk. Arafat and other P.L.O. leaders have somewhat moderated their goal of establishing a secular state in Palestine shared by Moslems, Christians and Jews. The P.L.O. chairman is willing to settle for the more immediate—and more attainable—goal of setting up an interim Pal-

estinian "national authority" on the Jordanian West Bank and in Gaza, if and when they are liberated from Israeli control. Some Arabs and U.S. observers argue that the P.L.O.'s willingness to compromise on this key point leaves diplomatic room for an eventual recognition of Israel.

Anxious for Recognition. Arafat is convinced that his fight-and-talk strategy can succeed and that the P.L.O. this year will add to the impressive string of successes it scored in 1974. At the Rabat summit, Arab heads of state formally endorsed the P.L.O., rather than Jordan's King Hussein, as the sole spokesman for Palestinians, including the 640,000 living on the West Bank. At the United Nations, Arafat was granted the rare privilege of addressing the General Assembly from a podium normally reserved for representatives of established governments. More than that, the General Assembly passed resolutions declaring for the first time that the Palestinians were a nation with rights to sovereignty rather than a "displaced people," as they have been classified for 26 years. Two weeks ago in a precedent-setting act, India accorded the P.L.O. diplomatic status even though there is no such thing as a Palestinian government in exile.

In the words of a familiar Arab saying, Arafat "collected what was there" at Rabat and the United Nations. From now on, the Palestinians' quest for a role in future negotiations and for bargaining status will become more difficult. Although the P.L.O. is dependent upon Soviet arms, Arafat is anxious for U.S. recognition of that organization. This has not been forthcoming, because the P.L.O. has not recognized Israel, and Washington has relegated the Palestinians to a third-place priority until Kissinger settles disengagement on the

THE WORLD

Egyptian and Syrian fronts. Arafat, though, dubious about Kissinger's approach to personal diplomacy, recently predicted that it would reach "a dead end." The Palestinians want the Secretary's peace negotiations to fail because they feel that their bargaining chances would improve at a Geneva conference, where the Russians would have a say and where they would be assured a seat. Beyond that, they suspect Washington's ties to Israel. In an interview with *Le Monde* earlier this month, Arafat attacked "American Zionist intrigues in which certain Arab countries are participating." The aim, he added, was to "torpedo the Geneva conference and to isolate Syria." The reference to "certain Arab countries" probably meant Egypt, which the P.L.O. worries may get too far ahead of its Middle Eastern partners in disengagement talks with Israel. Arafat and the Palestinians were presumably heartened last week when Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, in an interview with the Beirut newspaper *an-Nahar*, set a three-month deadline on progress in disengagement negotiations and demanded simultaneous Israeli withdrawal on all three fronts.

West Bank Voice. Sadat's three-front declaration was welcome to Arafat because it dealt with another part of his worries, the question of who represents Palestinians living on the third front—Jordan. If too much time passes, the P.L.O. fears that Hussein will circumvent the Rabat decision and somehow regain a voice in the eventual disposition of the West Bank.

Arafat also faces problems within his own ranks. One embarrassment is that the P.L.O. moderates are obviously unable to control radical dissidents who can still manage to hamper Arafat's efforts to gain international approval and good will. Beyond that, the moderates, although they dominate the P.L.O., have not been able to reconcile a "rejection front" of left-wing guerrilla organizations that intend to continue an all-out fight against Israel. Ideological opposition, particularly that of George Habash and his Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, is one reason why Arafat has so far not formed a provisional government. But there are other drawbacks to forming a government in exile or Palestinian "national authority" as other Arab leaders have urged the P.L.O. to do. The makeup of such a government would be a delicate problem; still unresolved is whether it should include only P.L.O. officials or also Palestinians who are non-members, particularly from the West Bank, and how it could function without facing the question of recognizing Israel. Beyond that, there is one more reason for not forming a provisional government at this time: to the Palestinian mind, a government with some land would stand a better chance than one with none.

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Filter and Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

CYPRUS

Familiar Target

The U.S. embassy on Cyprus last week once more became a target for Greek Cypriots who are fearful of growing Turkish power on the island and accuse Washington of supporting Turkish moves against them. Five months ago, as furious Greek Cypriots stormed the building, and burned the American flag, Ambassador Rodger Davies, 53, and a Cypriot embassy employee were murdered by mysterious snipers who fired through the windows. Last week, another stone-hurling crowd of 5,000 marched on the building. Marine guards firing tear-gas shells were unable to halt the demonstrators. Nicosia police finally drove off the crowd, but not before a wing of the embassy had been set ablaze and offices ransacked.

The attack was only one incident in a raging demonstration that spread to Athens and was directed at British as well as American facilities. In the Greek capital, Cypriot students climbed the walls of the British embassy compound and tossed fire bombs that burned automobiles and scorched the embassy. On Cyprus, meanwhile, one youth was accidentally killed by a military vehicle during a Greek Cypriot demonstration against the British at the entrance to the Akrotiri base area on the southern coast. The protests were aroused by a decision to move 10,000 Turkish refugees out of the British bases where most of them have been sheltered since they fled their homes during Cyprus' civil war last summer. The refugees are to be flown to Turkey; from there the Ankara government will resettle them in areas of northern Cyprus now held by Turks. Greek Cypriot protests that the resettlement will reinforce the *de facto* partitioning of the island went unheeded. Even as the demonstrators rioted, the first plane load of refugees flew out of Akrotiri for Turkey.

NORTHERN IRELAND

The Truce That Failed

The extended truce of the Provisional Irish Republican Army's 26-day holiday cease-fire came to an end last week. It marked Northern Ireland's longest period of nonviolence since "the troubles" began five years ago. The truce also underscored 1) how even such a short period of peace had almost miraculously transformed life in Ulster; 2) how far apart both sides remained in failing to find a way to make it last.

Despite widespread optimism that a way had been found at least to persuade the I.R.A. to extend last week's deadline, perhaps indefinitely, the Provisionals' bitter rejection of the truce re-emphasized the basic problems of the conflict itself. Neither the British government nor the I.R.A. ever seemed prepared to concede very much. The British diplomatic moves during the truce were tempered by fear of triggering a violent Protestant backlash while being drawn into a trap by the I.R.A. The government was also counting heavily on its judgment that the Provos were mainly intent on arranging a face-saving formula that would allow them to end a losing war. Thus Secretary of State for Northern Ireland Merlyn Rees, despite repeated pleas for a "genuine and sustained" peace, refused to meet with members of the I.R.A.'s legal political wing, the Provisional Sinn Fein.

Sweet-Sour Strategy. The British response to the truce, in fact, was almost begrudgingly small. After holding out the hope of an eventual end to internment, Rees dismayed even moderate Catholic politicians by releasing only 25 prisoners (five of whom were Protestants) of the 533 still interned in the notorious Maze prison and offering three-day home leave to 50 others. Moreover, British authorities would not even consider British withdrawal from Ulster—the principal I.R.A. demand.

On the whole, however, Rees' sweet-and-sour strategy was approved by many Ulster loyalists, as well as by a Parliament whose mood has noticeably toughened since last November's Birmingham bombings, which took 20 lives. Commented the London *Times*: "The Provisional I.R.A. is of such a nature that it will be checked by one thing and one thing only—defeat."

Right Timing. By the end of 1974, moreover, the British army had stalemated the Provos in Northern Ireland. "Things had been going wrong," one I.R.A. leader told *TIME* Correspondent William McWhirter, "and the timing was right for a cease-fire." The only chance that it would succeed was a significant British concession on withdrawal. Failing that, the I.R.A.'s strategy for 1975 involved an intensified campaign of terror—not in Ulster, but in Britain.

Even so, Ulster had been able to return briefly to life as it once was. In Belfast, pubs and restaurants were jammed, and people who a few weeks before would not have ventured from their houses after dark queued up for the movies. The British army took its heavy personnel carriers, the hated "pigs," off the city streets, and Catholic and Protestant leaders sponsored a united drive to "think, talk, pray" peace.

There were even those who believed that peace would exert its own form of pressure on the Provos. "The consequences of the truce breaking down are too grim to imagine," one of the eight Protestant clergymen who helped to arrange the cease-fire said earlier last week. "If this fails, it will be a fight to the finish." With a vengeance that seemed to prove him right, the peace was shattered shortly after the I.R.A. announcement, by a bomb explosion at an army post in northern Belfast.

ANGOLA

Fragile Independence

Security was all but impenetrable last week at the luxurious Penina Golf Hotel in the seaside resort of Alvor on southern Portugal's Algarve coast. A 600-man police and army cordon ringed the building; commandos with Alsatian dogs on short leads guarded the surrounding twin golf courses; armed troops set up checkpoints on all roads within a 20-mile radius; a navy frigate lay anchored in the bay, and frogmen patrolled the water. Within this bastion, delegates from the three major liberation movements met for six days with Portuguese government delegates and worked out a plan for the independence of Angola.

Portugal thus began the last and possibly most difficult phase of a decolonization program that has already led to the independence of Guinea-Bissau and the formation of an African-dominated transitional government in Mozambique. When Angola (pop. 5,725,-



000)—the largest and wealthiest colony—achieves full independence on Nov. 11, the once vast Portuguese African empire will at last cease to exist.

Three Groups. The extraordinary security precautions at Alvor reflected more the Lisbon government's fear of an attack by discontented whites than their uncomfortable awareness that the three Angolan liberation groups had fought one another as often and as intensely as they had fought Portugal for the past 14 years. The three groups:

The M.P.L.A., headed by Marxist Intellectual Dr. Agostinho Neto;

The F.N.L.A., which is led by Black Nationalist Holden Roberto and backed by Roberto's brother-in-law, President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaïre;

UNITA, which began as a tribal movement eight years ago. Under the guidance of Moderate Jonas Savimbi, UNITA has won the greatest support among Angola's 500,000 whites by advocating multiracial government.

The factionalism that many feared would disrupt last week's summit did not materialize. All three groups want Portugal out of Angola so that they can settle their disputes without interference. To that end they were willing to proclaim public unity and share power in a provisional government until full independence is granted next November.

The agreement reached at Algarve stipulates that the transitional government—which is scheduled to assume power on Jan. 31—will have a Portuguese High Commissioner and a twelve-member Cabinet, with the three liberation groups and Portugal each allotted three ministers. The chairmanship of a three-member presidential council will rotate among the factions. A Constituent Assembly, which will draft a constitution and choose a President, must be elected within nine months.

At the ceremony climaxing the summit, Portugal's President, General Francisco de Costa Gomes, called the agreement "a realistic solution to the respective interests of [Angola's] people." Less sanguine observers, however, fear that the domestic peace will be fragile and temporary at best. To many in Angola, it smacks of the same slapdash arrangements the Belgians made before handing the Congo over to bloody civil war in 1960. The majority think it is little more than an improvised device to get rid of Angola with meaningless lip service to safeguards for whites.

Back in Lisbon the Socialist Party and Popular Democratic Party were threatening to withdraw from Portugal's coalition. The two parties fear that a proposal to give the country a single trade-union federation would seal the Communists' already strong hold over the labor movement. "Perhaps," jested a black delegate at Alvor, "we should now have a summit in Luanda and help the Portuguese sort out their problems." Perhaps, but Angola is likely to have quite enough of its own.

TANZANIA

Ujamaa's Bitter Harvest

"Democracy is a luxury that we cannot afford. There must be guidance from the top, and it will be in the direction of socialism, for that is the only answer for Africa." So said President Julius Nyerere of Tanzania 13 years ago on the eve of independence from Britain. Today Tanzania faces economic disaster. After a visit to Tanzania, TIME's Nairobi bureau chief Lee Griggs sent this report:

At least some of Tanzania's current problems stem from Nyerere's dogged adherence to doctrinaire socialism, particularly in the farming areas where 85% of his 14 million people live. Nyerere still sees the solution to his nation's poverty (the per capita G.N.P. is \$84 a year) in a system of collective villages that would provide such essential services as schools, clinics and running water.

Nyerere, however, failed to reckon with the African's love for his ancestral land and his sense of independence. In the beginning, the government advocated the establishment of *ujamaa* (cooperative) villages on a more or less voluntary basis. But last year no fewer than 3 million people were moved—some willingly, some by coercion—from their own admittedly inefficient individual plots to communal villages. The result is that farm production has fallen at a time when Tanzania desperately needs increased agricultural output.

Two months ago, Nyerere had a somber message for his people. "We have no money and we have exhausted our foreign reserves," he declared. "If we do not have adequate rains, we will be faced with serious famine in which people will die." Drought and flood have ravaged the country for two years. Unless the rains that begin in March are normally heavy, the country will face the specter of widespread starvation.

Though the *ujamaa* program has caused considerable unhappiness, Nyerere is sticking to his 1976 deadline for relocating most of the rural population. Already thousands of small holders have been forced off their land, some at gunpoint. In a few cases, huts were burned to force peasants into unfinished villages with roofless homes and no running water. So far Nyerere, who is still respectfully called *Mwalimu* (Swahili for teacher), has not been widely blamed for the bungling. But discontent is deepening. Signs have appeared on the walls of Dar es Salaam: MWALIMU, IF YOU ARE TIRED OF RUNNING THE COUNTRY, LET SOMEONE ELSE TRY.

Meanwhile, the Tanzanian economy is sorely beset by failing crops, worldwide inflation and soaring petroleum costs. Because the government paid such low prices for basic agricultural commodities, farmers last year smuggled more than \$50 million worth of sisal, cattle, cotton, cashew nuts and corn across



NYERERE LABORING IN AN UJAMA'A VILLAGE
Discontent is deepening.

the border into neighboring Kenya, where prices were higher, thereby depriving Tanzania of vital foreign exchange. The country's hard currency reserves, in fact, have fallen from over \$100 million a year ago to only \$11 million at present.

With the government unable to maintain subsidies, prices on basic foodstuffs have jumped 80%, and inflation is rampant. Although Tanzania has millions of acres of potentially arable land, the inefficiency of the collectivized agricultural system—as well as the prevalence of drought and smuggling—made it necessary for the country to import 40% of its food last year. Tanzania has gone begging on the world market for food aid, but with modest success. The U.S. is providing 20,000 tons of grain as a grant and 40,000 more on easy credit, although it turned down a Tanzanian request for 200,000 tons of corn, the national diet staple, on the grounds that it has none to spare.

Produce or Perish. To inspire his countrymen, Nyerere himself has spent the past month upcountry doing daily labor on *ujamaa* projects. There he recently received Britain's Foreign Secretary, James Callaghan, who promised a welcome \$6 million in emergency aid. To conserve what meager foreign exchange is left, Nyerere has banned liquor and tobacco imports, restricted the importation of automobiles and announced plans for rationing gas. "Our motto must be: 'Produce or perish,'" he says grimly. Despite opposition from the World Bank and other foreign sources of financial aid, Nyerere has not cut back on one expensive pet project—moving the country's capital from Dar es Salaam to a more central location near Dodoma, 250 miles to the west in Tanzania's dusty hinterland. Estimated cost of the development: at least \$500 million.



SUSAN & GARDNER PLAY WITH LIBERTY

Virginia Polytechnic Institute Freshman **Gardner Britt**, 18, must have been playing football without his helmet. An article in the January *Ladies' Home Journal* implied that he was more or less engaged to President Ford's daughter **Susan**, 17—not that she was so special. "I don't think she will do anything spectacular," he opined, suggesting that Susan herself was antifeminist. "She's not like some of those Miss Teenage Americas who always have some fancy career in mind—like nursing." Added Chauvinist Britt: "A job is all right if women can do an equal job, but I don't think they can." Too bad, Gardner. Susan's abilities may be more equal than he thinks. Miffed, she is now playing the field and has gone public with their disagreement. Under her own byline in the March issue of *Seventeen*, Susan says: "I think a woman can do as good a job as a man. It all depends on the job and the person." Susan still dates Gardner; the other day he came around and played with her dog, Liberty.

"I want to be a blockbuster like Marilyn Monroe," piped **Genevieve Waite**, 26. So her husband and co-founder of the Mamas and Papas **John Phillips**, 38, tailored his long-planned musical *Man On the Moon* to her talents. She plays an angel on a planet invaded by an errant moonship. Genevieve, still puzzling over her characterization, changes her wardrobe frequently and is not above



GENEVIEWE POSES BACKSTAGE

trying to pinch Co-Star **Monique Van Vooren**'s best songs as well as all the attention. "Genevieve," marveled an on-looker, "has an almost perfect working relationship with the spotlight." She has had a hand in other facets of the show too. It was she and John who thought of casting Old Friend **Mark Lawhead**, well under 5 ft., as a robot. "He's for the people from Rhode Island," she said. The show is not scheduled to open on Broadway until the end of the month, but Genevieve is already plotting her entrance at the opening-night party. "I think I'll wear white, with a long ermine boa and diamonds."

What senior cinema buff could forget the raspy voice and menacing non-presence of **Claude Rains** in the 1933 movie of H.G. Wells' *The Invisible Man*? Perhaps the only movie ever made in which the star's face is shown only once, and then when he is dead, *The Invisible Man* made Rains' ghastly reputation. Now **David McCallum**, one of TV's men from UNCLE of a decade ago, has taken over the role in a made-for-TV movie to be aired on March 11. Wells' fantasy of a chemist made invisible, then driven mad by his own invention has been updated. "The military industrial complex wants to get hold of my formula



DAVID BECOMES INVISIBLE

for becoming invisible," explains McCallum. Jokes on the set never run out. "The prop man keeps changing the name on my chair. First it said Claude Rains, then Unknown, and now it says Shadow."

It really was a case of *lese-majesté*. There was newly inaugurated Connecticut Governor **Ella Grasso** off in Washington to tape a talk show, while her home in Windsor Locks, an industrial town, was being robbed. Thieves broke into Mrs. Grasso's six-room house and stole her mother's engagement ring, her own engagement ring, silver and watches. "Now I'm a statistic, and I'm as angry and outraged as any other householder," was Ella's reaction. Still, she rejected a proposal for a fence. Said the Governor philosophically: "I don't like fences. They keep the people out, but intruders always seem to find a way."

Is this any way to treat the future King of England? A color sergeant barked the orders, and the **Prince of Wales** obediently risked his neck by wriggling through a half-submerged pipe, swinging across chasms, scaling climbing nets and wading through the icy waters of Devon Marsh. It was revealed last week that in November

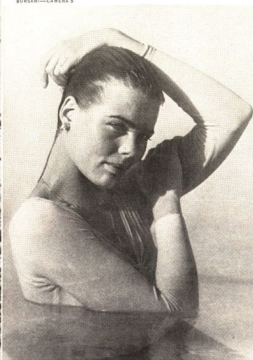


CHARLES TAKES TARZAN COURSE

Charles had endured another grueling trial in Her Majesty's Service, this time a taste of commando assault training, the Tarzan and ropes course. "He doesn't lack for fitness," allowed a Royal Marines' spokesman. Prince Charles must have blanched, however, when commanded to negotiate a 20-ft. high tree-to-tree ropewalk. The whole adventure was clearly one he would just as soon never try again. Said he: "A most horrifying expedition."

She was as lovely as a thoroughbred or a racing shell. The acrid Manhattan air filled her nostrils and traveled down her gut until she was infused with gritty candor. "I guess I come off looking like a lightweight," said Model **Margaux Hemingway**, 19, implausibly, and turned to display a 6-ft. frame. Four months ago, Ernest Hemingway's granddaughter left the family's split-level in Ketchum, Idaho. One night when she was feel-

BORSARI—CAMERA 8



MARGAUX IN THE SWIM

ing good and funny and true, she revealed that she had been conceived after her parents had put away a bottle of Château Margaux, the kind of wine that has rested in cool cellars and must be drunk with reverence. "Tons of things are happening to me now," says Margaux. She has a boy friend, Hamburger King Errol Wetson, 33, who is "the best." She adds: "I guess it's inevitable that I will get into movies." Perhaps a western, in which "everyone will be women—even the Indians." Margaux's elder sister Joan, 24, is more traditional. Co-author of the 1974 thriller *Rosebud*, a trendy caper of international kidnapping that has already been made into a movie, she is now working on a gourmet picnic cookbook. But Margaux's fame may soon surpass Joan's. "I'm into singing now," says Margaux. What kind? A nightclub repertory of "rich, happy blues."

"It's a nice little house," said **Happy Rockefeller** politely. She was surveying her new home, the official vice-presidential residence. A turreted 21-room Victorian whimsy looming above Washington's Embassy Row, Admiral's House was formerly the home of the Chief of Naval Operations. Its last occupant, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt Jr., complained that the roof leaked. But although it could hardly compare to the splendors of the Rockefellers' Manhattan duplex, their Pocantico Hills estate, their Ven-

UPI



HAPPY AT HER NEW HOME

euzela ranch or their Foxhall Road mansion, Happy looked on the bright side. "It can be used for intimate entertaining," she said, as she and her architect toured the house to plan its redecoration. Will Nelson's Picassos and avant-garde works of art adorn the new place? Said Happy: "That's a question you should ask Nelson. He has some nice American prints. You know, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, Currier and Ives." Then she revealed that her sons Nelson, 10, and Mark, 7, had already staked out their territory. "They were captivated by the round turret room."

There must be one or more nervous doctors at U.C.L.A. Medical Center. Recently **Alfred Hitchcock**, 75, checked in to have a pacemaker implanted. All went well until Hitch was given an antibiotic to which he was allergic. Stuck in the hospital for an extra ten days, the lugubrious film maker appeared before a U.C.L.A. investigatory panel and asked who had prescribed the drug. "There was a deafening silence," he said. Hitch had another grouse: "I bruise easily. Now I'm bruised all across my chest. It looks like the pacemaker was put in with a baseball bat." But Hitchcock, who starts filming his 53rd movie in March, is delighted with the pacemaker itself. "It runs for four years and if I'm in Paris and want to check it out, I just dial the hospital and hold the receiver to my chest."

Coming to the People Palms Up

To the Editors:

President Ford's words comprise the most uncomfortable assessment of the State of the Union that the American people have had to hear. Even during the Civil War, President Lincoln each year offered gratitude for the excellent health of the people and for abundant harvests. Even in 1814, when British troops had recently set fire to the city of Washington, President Madison felt that he could anticipate the expulsion of the invaders. Even in 1931, with economic disaster everywhere, Herbert Hoover promised that the value of traditional American virtues would soon prove itself again.

Ford's willingness to come to the people palms up is admirable. Still, he is in no position to offer soothing syrup. The spreading economic distress now reaches into every home daily, in living color, in living reality, or both. He cannot blink the fact that foreigners now hold significant strings, pulling on the nation's destiny.

In having to lay down a timetable that takes the U.S. well into the 1980s, he is seeking to undrape ready resignation in a notoriously impatient people. And he is the first President to report that America's beacon light to the world has dimmed. Above all, Ford could not help conveying what his countrymen also sense—that the way out of the maze is technological as well as political. That is a burden on presidential leadership no other Chief Executive has had to bear.

Henry F. Graft
New York City

The writer is a Professor of History at Columbia University who has written extensively on the presidency.

Economic medicine stronger than that proposed by President Ford is needed to cure our sick economy. Low- and middle-income families are most in need of a rebate on 1974 taxes and should be given a much greater proportion of this proposed tax break. Moreover, the entire rebate should be paid in May to maximize the help it would give to the economy.

Tax reform also is needed to sustain the upward economic momentum started by a refund of 1974 taxes. As a down payment on comprehensive tax reform, withholding tax rates should be reduced through a formula equivalent

to the \$70 income tax credit for each member of a family, up to a maximum of \$375 per household, as suggested by the President's Labor-Management Advisory Council.

A five-year pause in the imposition of new emissions restrictions on autos must be accompanied by an ironclad commitment from the manufacturers—required by law, if necessary—to achieve fuel economy. Research by industry and Government must continue in order to avoid a standstill on improving air quality.

Leonard Woodcock, President
United Auto Workers
Detroit



The President made a forceful presentation for improving the American economy. Most farmers will appreciate the proposed tax cut as some relief in this period of high costs. The tax cut will also mean a reduction in federal revenue. If we continue to spend and increase federal deficits, farmers and all other citizens will be the losers.

The President's promise to veto new expenditure programs could well help set a tone in curbing expenses for such programs as Social Security, welfare, make-work public employment schemes and an expensive national health insurance plan. All of these programs are inflationary.

William J. Kuhfuss, President
American Farm Bureau Federation
Park Ridge, Ill.

With 6 million unemployed we are bound to reduce demand for the supply we can so readily produce. So what do we do? Well, I suggest, first, that we put our workers on a 30-hour week. We are coming to that sooner or later. Why not begin now?

Then make it illegal to employ anyone to work overtime while unemployment exceeds 2 million. If we can black out a football game because all seats have not been sold, surely we can black out overtime when 6 million people are unemployed.

Next, we should restrict households to one job each until unemployment sinks below 2 million once again.

(The Rev.) W. Hamilton Aulenbach
Claremont, Calif.

I'm all shook up by President Ford's plans to conserve fuel by increasing the price. Why, it will mean that I'll have

to cancel plans to go skiing in Colorado and stop commuting to New York City in my private jet.

Arline J. Gunkert
Richmond

I am a retired person living on a monthly pension of \$350. Inflation eroded that by 12% last year.

The President says that he wants to limit the cost of living increase in pensions to 5%. Therefore my pension will in fact be reduced by the difference, or 7%. Why does he not look for a more humane way to economize?

Fausto Balzani
Holyoke, Mass.

Addition to Oil

Much credit is due Henry Kissinger for accomplishments for peace, but to even remotely contemplate using force against a sovereign nation [Jan. 13] over private property is to plan an immoral act. We are addicted to oil, not through any fault of the Arabs. Surely there are alternatives. Where is the imagination of our national leaders, not to mention their moral conscience?

Wendall W. Ogg
Concord, Tenn.

I am incredulous at the banter concerning the "remote possibility" that the U.S. would go to war for oil! Is oil so important to maintain this country in the style to which it has become accustomed that we would send our children to kill for it?

James B. Asmussen
Austerlitz, N.Y.

Kissinger is right in reminding the world that "economic strangulation" of the West could justify war.

We are being bled to death. That the process is gradual makes it less dramatic, but no less fatal. This hemorrhage must be stanchied by whatever means will be effective, up to and including war, if necessary. Though the medicine is bitter, should the patient procrastinate until he is terminal?

Laurence G. Hamilton
Prescott, Ariz.

Cold on Gold

I am delighted to read that Americans are less than enthusiastic about buying gold [Jan. 13]. I would prefer, and I believe the American people would prefer, to invest money in the hopes, dreams and aspirations of a vibrant America. For example, this can be done by people investing money in a company that manufactures tractors that will pull a farmer's plow, which will, in turn, produce grain that will, in turn, feed livestock and put meat on the ta-

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But you Hiram Walker people
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everything I'd expect
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except expensive.*

*Tom Brunelle
San Francisco,
Calif.*



TEN HIGH
Bourbon Straight and True

ble. Anyone who buys gold and stashes it away is by this action saying that he has no confidence in America and its resources and productivity.

A.A. Antoniou
Oak Brook, Ill.

Dealers like me are quite distressed by the media's implications that all of us expected a big rush by Americans into bullion. This is rather absurd. The true extent of the American market will not be shown for at least a month. I dare say that the greatest demand by the average citizen will continue to be in low-premium heavily traded gold coins. The buyer's anonymity can be preserved, and he can avoid such problems as high premiums, illiquidity and assay fees.

The desirability of holding gold will not diminish unless and until major governments decide to stop inflating the money supply.

Gregory C. Reeser, President
Hawaii Precious Metals Association
Honolulu

The Master's Fingerprints

After the Watergate trials, one is forced to recall the saying that "the fingers of the servants should leave the fingerprints of the master."

Ken Gene Jacobsen
Dunedin, N.Z.

Bald and Proud

Blessings on you for your "Bald Is Beautiful" article [Jan. 13]. I can now face the hairy ones, the wig sellers and the pitying barbers with my polished pate held high to reflect back into their eyes the shining light of self-respect.

Sheldon Silvers
The Bronx

Actually, the new acceptance of the bald man as sex symbol is simply a catch-up job to coincide with the belief that any bared flesh (no matter what part of the anatomy) is provocative. My husband, bless his receding hairline, gets more provocative every day!

Kathy Diekemper Bauer
St. Louis

There is another distinctive feature of baldness: the bald-headed man is the first to know it is raining.

Edward G. Greenberger
Coral Gables, Fla.

It is obvious: baldness is a sign of evolutionary advance—we are that much farther away from being apes than all those hairy folks.

John Walburn, M.D.
Omaha

Award for Jungle Services

Teruo Nakamura, "The Last Last Soldier" [Jan. 13], may have decided that he was better off hiding in the In-

donesian jungle, especially if the total back pay coming to him, as reported by TIME, had amounted to the "princely sum of \$227.59."

Actually, on Jan. 7 Nakamura was awarded about \$11,200 by the government of Japan for his services. That may not make him a prince, but might keep him out of the jungle.

Daniel Westberg, Information Officer
Consulate General of Japan
Toronto

Beyond Brooklyn

Moving to Albany looks to be the first in a long series of surprises for the family of Governor Carey [Jan. 13]. It seems that they are just now finding out that there is more to New York State than Brooklyn.

Debra S. Deans
Ithaca, N.Y.

A few days ago, 3,600 friends—the largest crowd in Albany's history—welcomed our new neighbors, the Carey family, at the Governor's open house. We are glad that they are here. They brighten our lives. The Mansion has been in the shadow of a muddy construction site, the South Mall, for ten long years. Soon, however, as the Empire State Plaza, it will be an exciting place for people—with one of the world's great museums, a magnificent library, skating facilities in the winter, restaurants and meeting halls all year round.

I believe that our Brooklyn neighbors will learn to love the ancient and unique city that is Albany.

And by the way, yes, we do have ice cream parlors.

Erastus Corning
Mayor
Albany, N.Y.

Ghosts on the Low Road

President Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin of Uganda may be upset at the phraseology of your People item [Jan. 13], which Scottish purists could interpret as a report of his death. The "low road" of the Scottish folk song *Loch Lomond* on which you had him traveling is the route the soul of a Scot takes in returning home when he dies abroad.

The song *Loch Lomond* itself chronicles one side of a conversation between two Scottish soldiers—captives of the English at Carlisle Castle in 1745. One is to be set free, the other executed. It is the condemned man who will return to Loch Lomond via the low road of death and reach the beautiful slopes of Ben Lomond before his friend, who must travel the earthly high road.

Gerald McDonald
Commander, U.S.N.
Orange Park, Fla.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

MILESTONES

Died. Baron Jean-Louis de Portal, 23; of gunshot wounds; near Montauban, France. Together with his mother and sister, Jean-Louis barricaded La Fumade, the Portal family's 30-room mansion, shortly before the death of his father Baron Léonce in 1973, and refused to relinquish it to the farmer who bought it at a debt auction. After Portal shot and wounded two workers sent by the new owner to plow the land, 70 gendarmes assaulted La Fumade, braving fire from the young baron's elephant gun and mortally wounding him. The body of the father, which the family had kept in a coffin in the main hall, was taken to a cemetery; the baroness and her daughter were being held for psychiatric examination.

Died. Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 74, Colombian *caudillo* (1953-57); of a heart attack; in Malgar, Colombia. Installed as President in a bloodless 1953 *golpe*, Rojas ruled in dictatorial fashion until an appetite for graft (he acquired at least nine ranches as President) eroded army support and led to his ouster in 1957. The next year he returned from exile and became the focus of opposition to the ruling Liberal-Conservative National Front, nearly returning to power in the hotly contested election of 1970.

Died. Li Fu-chun, 75, Red China's master planner, in Peking. A veteran of the 6,000-mile Long March in 1934-35 with his childhood friend Mao Tse-tung, Li was named Minister of Heavy Industry after the Communists' 1949 victory. As chief of the State Planning Commission Li marshalled millions of peasants in the abortive industrial phase of the Great Leap Forward (1958-61). Both Mao and the recently hospitalized Chou En-lai attended their old comrade's funeral.

Died. Paul Cardinal Meouchi, 80, Maronite patriarch of Antioch and the Orient; in Bkerke, Lebanon. Spiritual head of 800,000 Maronite-rite Roman Catholics (65,000 of them in the U.S.), Meouchi played a major role in the delicate politics of Lebanese Christians and Moslems. Named bishop of Tyre in 1934 after serving in California, Indiana and Massachusetts parishes, he worked to prevent sectarian conflict, siding with Moslem opposition to Lebanon's Christian President Camille Chamoun in 1958 civil strife and recently supporting Palestinian territorial claims. Meouchi counted Jordan's King Hussein and Egypt's Anwar Sadat as friends, once blessed a delegation of Moslem mullahs as they prayed to Mecca: "The British have a well-known phrase, 'In His Majesty's service'; Meouchi explained pointing skyward, 'I'm in his majesty's service.'"

Barefoot Nureyev

A year ago, only a clairvoyant could have predicted that Ballet Dancers Rudolf Nureyev and Mikhail Baryshnikov would be this season's top box office draws in Manhattan. Yet tickets are scarce as unicorns at Manhattan's City Center for American Ballet Theater's 35th anniversary festivities featuring Baryshnikov, the Leningrad Kirov Ballet's latest runaway genius, whose ability to leap and hang serenely in air drives audiences to frenzy. A few blacks, south, teen-agers, housewives and businessmen—many of whom have never seen ballet before—pour through the doors of Broadway's Uris Theater, where Nureyev propels himself through four ballets at each performance of a four-week 34-show tarantella called "Nureyev & Friends." If dance is fast becoming the most popular and most highly creative art in the U.S., New York is already the dance capital of the world.

Dance Explosion. The one person most responsible for the dance explosion in America is Nureyev, whose leap through the Iron Curtain 13 years ago triggered a potent curiosity about dance in the public psyche. George Balanchine, doyen of choreographers, pronounced Nureyev old-fashioned, and as usual he was right. For Nureyev imme-

diately set about restoring the male to early 19th century heliocentric prominence. There was nothing middling about his spirit: he was a real-life Albrecht right out of *Giselle* with a ram-paging case of the willies.

Nureyev's determination is nowhere more evident than in class with Stanley Williams, a coach at the School of the American Ballet. Dressed in thick gray leg warmers and a tired white leotard, Nureyev looks sloppier than the rest. A pianist pumps out *This Nearly Was Mine* while the class practices rapid combination exercises that end in a burst of squeaking slippers. Nureyev finishes last. Working very slowly, he clears an envelope of space round him in which each finger, each joint, every muscle locates its place. "Keep the arms closer to the body for balance and to project to the audience," Williams reminds him as he misses a turn. He fails in a second try and bangs his head in disgust. "I'm sorry, I will improve," Nureyev apologizes. Pale with concentration, he repeats the step with needle-sharp precision. Williams nods and his pupil jigs back and forth in fifth position like a gleeful schoolboy.

But at 36, often limping at the end of rehearsal, Nureyev is aware that time is intruding. "The years pass quickly. I am just starting to recognize right from

left, and suddenly I have a slight anxiety that it will soon be over," he told TIME Staff Writer Joan Downs. "There are warning bells. My father said you don't see men dancing after 40."

Night after night Nureyev makes a reckless expenditure of resources that he claims casts off the restraints of the body. Supported by a hand-picked, high-caliber company that includes Principal Ballerina Merle Park of the Royal Ballet, Modern Dancer-Choreographer Louis Falco and members of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, Nureyev has programmed an ambitious mix of diverse styles ranging from demi-pointe to barefoot. Not the least of the challenges are the rapid-fire transformations from Balanchine's neoclassical *Apollo* to the romantic rustic in Bournonville's *pas de deux* from the *Flower Festival in Genzano* and, eventually, into the crazed moor of Limón's *The Moor's Pavane*.

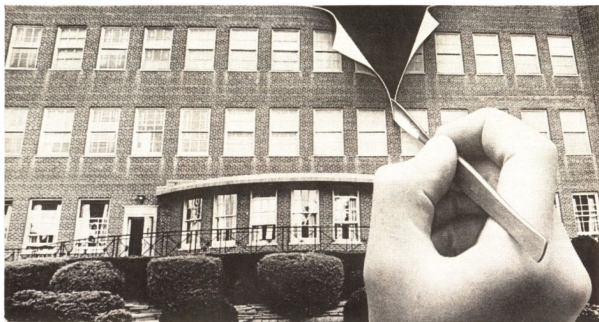
Surprising Humility. Few artists successfully cross the frontier from classical to modern dance. Never has Nureyev's artistry been more tested than it is in Paul Taylor's *Aureole*, in which he must suspend the classical dancer's vertical impulse and substitute the modern dancer's low-lying weight shifts. Nureyev submits to the choreography with surprising humility, subduing his famous high-intensity powers of projection.

In the years since he left Russia, Nureyev has grown rich, commanding up to \$10,000 per performance. He is so famous that he cannot remember the last time he met someone who had not heard of him. He loves the high life, is a ubiquitous guest at jet-set parties. Still, dance is never far from his thoughts. "Every book I read, every film I see, each time I go to the theater," he insists, "it is all to gather information pertinent to the dance. You have to stuff yourself."

In many ways Nureyev is more alone than he was on first coming to the West. He speaks wistfully of the beautiful rivers of Ufa, in Bashkir, where he spent his childhood. It is touching to hear him refer involuntarily to the Leningrad Kirov Ballet as "we." Nearing his peak, today Nureyev dances with the familiar bravado, but also a consistency he did not have ten years ago. Finally willing to jettison his princely plumage, he uncovered a gift for simplicity that makes it seem plausible he will some day be as relaxed dancing with his shoes off as he is now with them on. He makes no predictions about the future except to say that he will be dancing, perhaps one day with his own company. By his estimate, 99% of his energies have always been canalized into the impulse to move. "Oh, God, it sounds heavy," he says, "but I can't deflate it. I beat the hell out of myself because that's where I live, onstage. The truth emerges in that awful confrontation of body and will."

RUDOLF NUREYEV DANCING MODERN CHOREOGRAPHY IN PAUL TAYLOR'S *AUREOLE*





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King of the Kings

If the Montreal Canadiens were looking over their shoulders in disbelief last week, they could hardly be blamed. With an undefeated streak stretching through 21 games—longest in the team's proud history—the Canadiens had every reason to assume that the nearest challenger in their N.H.L. division was far behind in a shower of ice chips. Not so. The upstart Los Angeles Kings, previously one of the league's most feckless losers, were within a thin one point of the streaking Canadiens.

Much of the credit for the Kings' elevation from ice follies clown to league tough guy belongs to Goaltender Rogatien Vachon, 29. With the eight-year veteran finally in his prime, the Kings have limited opponents to 85 goals this season, by far the fewest in the N.H.L. Vachon has appeared in two-thirds of the Kings' games, allowing one goal or less 19 times.

Vachon does not look as if he could get in the way of a cream puff, let alone a rock-hard slab of rubber rocketing toward him at 100 m.p.h. or more. At 5 ft. 7 in., 160 lbs., he is one of the smallest goalies in the league; he has neither the reach nor the muscle that helps such players as Montreal's Ken Dryden deflect shots with shoulders and legs. But Vachon makes up for his lack of size with one of the surest, fastest gloves in the game—and an extra dose of daring that gets him to the puck no matter how heavy the hitting around the goal.

Slow Start. Indeed, Vachon is an irrepressible roamer around the net. Unsatisfied with merely blocking shots, he constantly sweeps alongside the goal—and even behind it—to clear the puck or start breakaways up the ice. "I like moving around," he says. "If I stayed in the net, I wouldn't be involved in the game and the opposition could score some easy goals."

Such scores used to come often. In

fact, Vachon's career started with what for him was agonizing slowness. After learning to play goalie as a farm boy in rural Quebec (his peers would not let him play offense because of his size), he was invited to a Montreal Canadian junior team tryout at age 16. He was immediately sent to the second-rank junior squad. Four years later, when his junior stint was ending, Vachon was once again farmed out, this time to a minor league team. When he finally got a chance to play for Montreal eight years ago, he initially performed in the shadow of Gump Worsley. Eventually, as he was becoming recognized as a respected goaltender, Vachon was displaced by Dryden and traded to the Kings in November 1971.

The expansion club needed a leader as well as a good goalie, and Vachon has filled both roles. He constantly hollers instructions to teammates during play. He has also blended easily into Coach Bob Pulford's style—a minimum of rowdy brawls and fancy maneuvers, a maximum of basic, methodical play. Vachon gets plenty of help from two N.H.L. veterans, Defenseman Terry Harper and Right Wing Bob Nevin, who leads the King attack. Before this season started, Vachon made an extra effort to get in shape, running three to four miles as well as playing tennis for up to four hours every day. He also worked full time building a new house for his wife and son in Montreal. When the season opened with a victory against the Stanley Cup Champion Flyers in Philadelphia, Vachon and the Kings felt that this might be their year. "That win gave us a lot of confidence," says Vachon. "We realized we could beat anyone." Pulford may be more realistic when he says, "I cannot tell my players they'll stay abreast of Montreal because I don't believe it myself." Then he adds with a grin, "Mind you, we'll give them a helluva run for the money." The Kings have already done that.

Heroes Away From Home

Jimmy Wilkins is a pro basketball star. With 25 to 30 points a game, he is among his league's top scorers, and last year he carried his team to a national championship. When he plays in his club's home arena, screaming girls shower him with confetti and every game is S.R.O. Despite his popularity, Jimmy Wilkins of San Jose, Calif., is unfamiliar to American fans; he plays for Spiel und Sportverein (Game and Sports Club) in Hagen, West Germany.

Wilkins is not Germany's only imported basketball player. Nearly every one of the 16 teams that make up the Bundesliga, or major league, has at least one American in the lineup. He is usually the star. The same is true for semi-pro teams in Spain, Italy, Belgium and France. With basketball rapidly becoming a big attraction in Europe, more than 150 Americans have signed on.

Bill Bradley, former Princeton star and present forward for the New York Knicks, started the influx nine years ago when he led Simmenthal of Milan to a European championship while attending Oxford as a Rhodes scholar. Some of the current crop of imports are also well known back home: Tom McMillen, the 6-ft. 11-in. star for the University of Maryland last year, continues the Bradley tradition by commuting from Oxford to play weekly games for Sindrudine of Bologna. Jim McDaniel, who plays for Snaidero of Udine, was once a high-priced player for the Seattle SuperSonics.

Minor Masters. A few of the super-ingers draw pay that is almost up to pro standards back home. Because the Italian teams are nominally amateur, but are owned by industrial companies, a number of American players are officially paid as company public relations men, receiving between \$30,000 and \$40,000 a year. In Spain the going rate for an American star is close to \$50,000 a year. Many Americans do not fare nearly so well. In France the average U.S. player earns \$700 a month, though a "grand Américain" (a player with exceptional talent) takes home as much as \$3,000 a month. In Germany \$1,500 a month is considered tops. Players like Wilkins have part-time jobs. Wilkins spends four half-days a week doing promotion for a record store.

If money is not an overwhelming attraction for most of the expatriates, the acclaim of being a superstar is. Most of the Americans would be only marginal players back home, even with the creation of the A.B.A., the American leagues cannot absorb all the talent being trained on collegiate courts.

Measured against the cumbersome style of their European teammates, even

LOS ANGELES GOALIE ROGATIEN VACHON CLEARING THE PUCK



Scandal in Academe

It seemed innocent enough at the start. Three years ago, Harry A. Lowther, a "retired businessman," and his wife, Barbara Phillips Lowther, a psychology teacher, set up their own small foundation in Illinois. Last week, as a result of their still unfolding financial manipulations, the Lowthers had driven a renowned educational-research institute close to bankruptcy, hastened the closing of an experimental college in Arizona, damaged some leading reputations in higher education—and produced the juiciest scandal in U.S. academe in years.

The Lowthers were married in January 1972, and that summer founded the Phillips Research Foundation, which focused on "nontraditional study."* One of the hottest catchwords in education. Next, they formed Lincoln Open University as an experimental nontraditional college in Illinois. On Christmas Day, 1973, the school received a \$350,000 grant from the Lilly Foundation—which gave the Lowthers instant respectability in the academic world.

Very Winning. Then, the Lowthers called Samuel B. Gould, former chancellor of the State University of New York (TIME cover, Jan. 12, 1968) and one of the best-known figures in higher education. Gould had finished a major study—financed by the Carnegie Corporation—on nontraditional education; the Lowthers offered to pay for a council headed by Gould to do more work on the subject. Gould, who says that the Lowthers could be "very winning," accepted.

That offer was apparently made to soften up Gould. A short time later, the Lowthers again contacted Gould, who was also president of the prestigious Institute for Educational Development, an educational-research organization in New York City. This time the Lowthers offered to take over the institute itself and have it act as the management arm of the Phillips Foundation. The institute had been started as an affiliate of the Educational Testing Service in 1965 but had fallen on hard times. At a board meeting last March, the details were worked out: the Phillips Foundation took over financial control of the institute, and Lowther signed a personal guarantee for a \$200,000 loan from the Educational Testing Service; in return, the Lowthers and their associates were given four of the seven seats on the institute's board. Lowther was named board chairman and treasurer, and the institute's headquarters were moved to the same building in Lombard, Ill., that housed the Phillips Foundation and Lincoln Open University. At that meeting, institute officials expressed doubt

*Which involves minorities, older people and others who have traditionally not attended college.

about the Lowthers' financial condition; Lowther reassured them by producing an Internal Revenue Service form declaring that the Phillips Foundation had a net worth of \$5.9 million. (The previous year the foundation had reported a net worth of minus \$2,814 to the IRS.)

In December, the Lowthers' pyramid started falling apart. In an apparent attempt to gain another base for securing grant money, Lowther tried to take over tiny (445 students) Prescott College, an experimental school in Arizona. The college was \$440,000 in debt and on the verge of bankruptcy. Thus, when Lowther agreed to pay the school's operating costs in return for control of its board and operating capital, the college thought it had found a savior and tentatively agreed to the deal. But soon \$105,000 in foundation checks to the college bounced, and—for the first time—it was discovered that Lowther had been convicted of stock fraud in 1970. Prescott officials called the Illinois attorney general's office, and on Dec. 18 the college suspended operations.

Payment Due. The roof also fell in on the institute. Employees were not paid, the rent was due in New York and in Lombard. Educational Testing Service was demanding payment on its \$200,000 loan. Gould resigned as institute president last month (although he remains a trustee), and at an emergency meeting Lowther was thrown off the board. Lawrence E. Dennis, 54, former provost of the Massachusetts state college system, was named treasurer and acting president. Dennis estimates that the institute is at least \$500,000 in debt and may have to shut down at the end of the month. Meanwhile, the Lowthers have brazenly filed a bankruptcy suit against the institute, claiming that it incurred all of its financial obligations itself. Says Dennis: "It's beyond doubt the most incredible action imaginable."

The fate of the institute, the Phillips Research Foundation, Lincoln Open University (which suspended operations Jan. 3) and the Lowthers now depends on audits and investigations by the IRS and the Illinois attorney general. For his part, Sam Gould can only say, "The whole thing is embarrassing."

BARBARA PHILLIPS LOWTHER



HARRY LOWTHER



JIMMY WILKINS IN GERMANY
Like a god.

minor masters of the U.S. playgrounds look like Earl Monroe. It does wonders for their confidence. "I wasn't very happy in Houston," says George Johnson, a former Rocket who now plays in Italy. "I wasn't playing my best ball. Now I feel I'm playing to my full potential."

Playing on a foreign court with foreign teammates is bound to raise problems. Communication is one. In Italy, when Americans want the ball, they have learned to shout "*Guarda! Guarda!*" (Look! Look!) or yell "*Damm!*" (Give it to me, man). Predictably, plays break down frequently. Another problem is hotdogging. Some of the Americans play tough only on offense, producing resentment among hard-working, if less talented teammates. One U.S. player in Germany recently left, reportedly because he could not get along with German players. Such tensions have been limited so far by a quota on American competitors—a team can use only one on the court at a time.

Off the court, Americans face adjustment to a foreign community. "I felt a little lost at first," says Wilkins. "I had never been to Europe and did not speak the language. It was difficult to get around." He is now comfortably settled in a Hagen apartment with a German girl friend. Unlike some other blacks in Germany, he has suffered little racial static. In fact, he is one of the best-known personalities in town.

Despite the drawbacks, few of the U.S. players plan to cut out of what is usually a two-year contract. Why should they? Before he came to Hagen, Jimmy Wilkins was a blackjack dealer in a Lake Tahoe casino and a little-known college basketball player (San Diego State). "In the U.S. I was one in thousands," he says. "Here, I'm like a god."

**What
would they
think of us
now?**



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For example. Our first Bicentennial Weekend Special, on January 25 & 26, is "The American Inheritance," with Walter Cronkite. It explores the laws, ideas and habits of our early days which continue to influence our lives today. From Blue Laws to the Bill of Rights. From the neighborhood tavern to our not-so-native tongue.

Later there'll be "American Wisdom," with Eric Sevareid. "Lifestyle 1776," with Mike Wallace. "American Profile," with Charles Osgood. Two "Exploring America's" — then and now — with Charles Kuralt. "American Christmas Down the Years," with Douglas Edwards. CBS News Correspondents with their "Letters to the American Past." And "America—This I Believe," with Dan Rather; the concluding special in the series, July 3 & 4, 1976.

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**BICENTENNIAL
WEEKEND SPECIALS
ON THE
CBS RADIO NETWORK**



**"THE AMERICAN
INHERITANCE"
WITH
WALTER CRONKITE
JANUARY 25 & 26**

Enfant Terrible at 50

In the arts, as elsewhere, there are some *enfants terribles* whose public image gets trapped in infancy. Whether or not such an artist really is Peter Pan, he is apt to be treated as though he were; a precocious reputation stiffens round him like a coffin, immuring him in the period of his youth. He is not expected to mature, but simply to become an older virtuoso, so that all his later work risks being dismissed as an appendage to the earlier. If he accepts this role, it grips him, and he turns into a vulgar monster—something like Salvador Dali. If he fights it and reflects the blame for it on the audience (where it belongs), he may, with luck, come to resemble Robert Rauschenberg, whose latest prints—after a run at the Castelli Gallery in New York City—are on view at Gemini G.E.L. in Los Angeles.

Iniquitous Goat. Rauschenberg turns 50 this year. It is almost a quarter-century since he popped into American art with an eccentric, prankish and—in retrospect—prophetic show of pictures, some painted all white, others all black, at the Betty Parsons Gallery in Manhattan. This ironic burst of premature minimalism was only the first in a series of gestures that, throughout the '50s, persistently harassed and delighted art's public in New York. They were all conducted under Rauschenberg's slogan, derived from futurism and Dada, about "working in the gap between art and life." Out of street rubbish, dead birds and old newspapers and gaudy lathers of pigment, he put together the "combine paintings" that, so much later, remain his best-known works. How outrageous, how iniquitous that tire-girdled Angora goat looked in 1959! What perversity seemed to lurk behind Rauschenberg's gesture of erasing a drawing by Willem de Kooning and exhibiting the sheet! How dandyist an affront to spontaneous sincerity, the idea of painting two abstract expressionist canvases, *Factum I* and *Factum II*, almost identical down to the last drip!

Rauschenberg's role as *provocateur* could only work within a relatively innocent art world, which New York had in the '50s—innocent not only about modern art, but to some degree about its history. It took more than a decade before the relationship of his big combines to Kurt Schwitters' tiny Merz pictures and to the formality of cubist collage could be talked about without heat and seen, not as proof of derivativeness, but as simply part of his work's ecology. Besides, the '50s were the last time a public could be

provoked by art. (Since then, an overload of images has rendered art's audience blasé.) This seems to have confronted Rauschenberg with a crisis after his silk-screen paintings won the Venice Biennale in 1964—a dead *zucchini* now, but the Big Apple then.

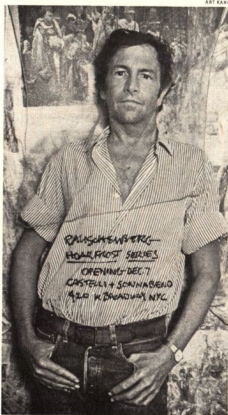
For a time, he cut down on his production of gallery art and began to turn himself into a rootin'-tootin' mixture of Zen monk and Texas daddy, full of Jack Daniel's and koans, moving from one collective project to the next and plunging into a sequence of causes. These have run from EAT (Experiments in Art and

All during this time—ten years—there was a slow gathering of opinion that Rauschenberg's art was on the decline. Like Willem de Kooning, he became one of those major figures whose last show is always fated to be thought his worst. The reason was that no later performance could ever measure up to the exaggerations of praise cast on their early work. Meantime, Rauschenberg, mainly through his collaborations with the Los Angeles printmaking firm of Gemini G.E.L., had developed into one of the few major graphic artists in America. The print suited his liking for swift assemblies of images, and his restless improvisation tested the limits of defining a print. The latest result includes some of the most remarkable graphic images made by a living artist: Rauschenberg's *Hoarfrost* suite, including *Mule* (see color page).

Taffeta Phantom. They are out of the familiar Rauschenberg image bank again, part random and part (one suspects) autobiographical: newspaper fragments, comic cutouts, a Cessna, a balloon, an octopus, buckets, a hand gripping a squeegee, an ostrich egg and so on. But they are printed on floating veils of silk, chiffon, muslin and taffeta, one positioned over another. One peers into this soft, gauzy space as though looking through ice crystals diffused on a windowpane: hence the collective title *Hoarfrost*. No reproduction can convey the subtleties of light and opacity Rauschenberg's method gives. The mix of forms is pale, apparitional and exquisite. This seems a long way from the declamatory harshness of his old combine paintings, but in fact, it pertains to a continuous theme of Rauschenberg's: ghost images, traces. The white paintings were made white to accept passing shadows. The De Kooning drawing was not erased to blank: a phantom of it stays on the paper. Rauschenberg's illustrations to Dante's *Inferno* (1960) were pale transfers from newspaper. But the *Hoarfrost* prints extend Rauschenberg's delight in

faintness to a ravishing lyricism: because their constituent images are so familiar, clear-cut and even brassy, and yet presented with such rippling and indistinct sweetness, they become a visual equivalent of free-associative dreaming—creative inattention at play. Perhaps only a temperament as rich and unclogged by dogma as Rauschenberg's could have brought off this theatrical play between the "reality" of collage and the vague beauties of atmosphere—or having done that, turned it into such a wary disquisition on the difficulty of seeing anything clearly at all.

■ Robert Hughes



ARTIST RAUSCHENBERG WITH HOARFROST VEIL
A mixture of Zen monk and Texas daddy.

Technology, an ambitious but not very successful attempt to get industry to underwrite art experiments) to such projects as royalty legislation for artists on resale of their work (TIME ESSAY, March 11) and Change, Inc., a foundation through which established artists can give emergency money to unrecognized ones by donating works of art to a pool. In the desiccated, clique-ridden and ungenerous atmosphere of the New York art world in the '70s, Rauschenberg has turned out to be one of the few senior artists with real respect and concern for his juniors.



Robert Rauschenberg's "Mule," 1974

CASTELLI GRAPHICS

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Underground Odyssey

When she was arrested, the newspapers blossomed with tales of "the girl next door" who went wrong. Like many a militant leftist who turned to antiwar violence in the faraway '60s, Jane Alpert was a model student, a troubled romantic and a political naïf.

Teachers called her brilliant, apolitical and given to sweeping enthusiasms. After graduating from Swarthmore with honors in 1967, she did graduate work in Greek at Columbia, quitting abruptly after the student uprising there because of "a complex of personal frustrations." She worked at *Rat*, an underground paper in Manhattan, and became at 21 the lover of Sam Melville, a radical leader eleven years her senior. After setting off bombs at eight Manhattan buildings in protest against the war, Melville was caught on Nov. 12, 1969, planting dynamite at an armory.

Alpert and Melville pleaded guilty to a bombing-conspiracy charge. He was sent to Attica, where he was killed in the 1971 uprising. She jumped bail, expecting to join a guerrilla band, lead an "intense, life-risking" existence, and then die in the struggle in six months, about the time the revolution would come to America. Instead, she lived a humdrum 4½ years under six false names, wandered aimlessly across the country six times and spent lonely days at menial jobs. Weary of flight, she surrendered, and last week in Manhattan, Alpert, now 27, was sentenced by a federal judge to 27 months in jail.

Straight Woman. Life on the lam was disillusioning right from the start. As she skipped out of New York by train for Washington, D.C., disguised as a middle-class grownup with bleached hair, dress and high heels, Alpert felt that blue-jeaned protesters at the station were sneering at her as a typical "straight" woman. Worse still, the radical Weatherman, who she says encouraged her to jump bail and promised protection, turned out to be fair-weather friends: they kept scheduling meetings that never happened. The people who helped her most were not radicals but kindly middle-aged, middle-class couples who asked no questions.

She flew to California, rented a room and joined a group of hippies traveling through the Southwest, discovering along the way "the bedrock conservatism" of the American people. "As I traveled, I slowly became aware that nothing was less relevant to the lives of most people in this country than the white left." Afraid to apply for well-paying jobs for fear her false references would be checked, Alpert worked as a waitress, a medical assistant and a secretary at the magazine *Psychology Today* in Del Mar, Calif. Like fugitives every-



JANE ALPERT AFTER SURRENDER...

where, she developed a near paranoia and learned to mistrust almost everyone. She was heartsick for Melville, swept by fantasies of breaking him out of the prison and puzzled by the tardiness of the revolution she expected to erupt in America. By phone, she stayed in close contact with her parents—a Queens businessman and his wife, a teacher—but turned down their tearful pleas to surrender.

She toured the Midwest and the West, settling twice in San Diego. There a women's consciousness-raising group at a Y.M.C.A. helped channel her interests from a dying political revolution to a rising feminist one. By accident, she says, she ran into Mark Rudd, a leader of the 1968 student strike at Columbia, somewhere in the Southwest and was repelled by his "sexist" attitudes.

In the fall of 1971, when word came that Attica prisoners had revolted and were holding hostages, Alpert says she knew instantly that Melville would be killed. As she tells it, confirmation came from a Los Angeles radio announcer who said, "Here's one death no one will regret—Samuel Melville, the mad bomber." In her grief, she blurted out to a friend that she had known one of the Attica victims. When the friend innocently passed the word around, Alpert took to the road once again.

Melville's death brought Alpert high celebrity in radical circles as a sort of gold star widow of the left. For an introduction to a book of his prison letters, she wrote a warm memoir of Melville that in passing chided him for his attitudes toward women. But as the radical movement disintegrated and feminism rose, her views about her dead lover hardened. He became a violent sexist who had manipulated her love in



... PROTESTING IN NEW YORK, 1969
From left to right, to feminist.

large and small ways, including once writing "wash me" on a refrigerator to remind her of her domestic duties. In 1973 she wrote a long rambling feminist manifesto and sent it to *Ms.* magazine along with a set of her fingerprints to prove its authenticity. It included gratuitous details about the sexual problems of Melville and Rudd and said of the Attica dead, including her former lover: "I will mourn the loss of 42 male supremacists no longer." The article evoked the heaviest reader response in the magazine's history.

A Minor Figure. The last two years of her odyssey brought Alpert some stability and peace. Tired of hearing anti-Semitic remarks while using such false names as Blake and Davis, she listed her name as "Carla Weinstein" with a Denver employment agency, and was referred to an Orthodox Jewish girls' school run by two rabbis. There she did office work, counseled the girls and found the rabbis intelligent and kind.

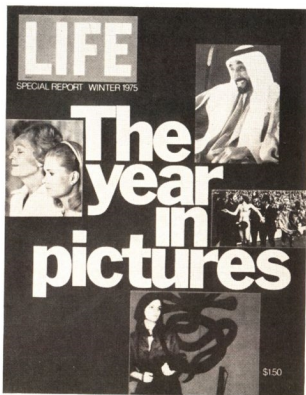
But "the strain of living a lie, of being unable to form close friendships, of knowing that you might have to pack up at a moment's notice" finally became unbearable, and she gave herself up.

Alpert says she is through with leftist politics, because the ideas of the left are "not particularly relevant to what's going on today" and are "basically destructive to women." Though she is a minor figure in the rise and fall of the New Left, her career is a paradigm of

*Patricia Swinton, indicted with Alpert, is still a fugitive, as are Weatherpeople Cathlyn Platt Wilkerson, Bernadine Dohrn and Kathy Boudin.

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BEHAVIOR

the retreat from politics to more personal concerns. Young white activists of the '60s were chiefly concerned about injustices done to others. For Alpert, selflessness must go. As a radical feminist of the '70s, she seeks "an identity not with other people's oppression, but with my own, first and foremost."

Israel as a Laboratory

For Israeli psychiatrists and psychologists, the Yom Kippur War was a bench mark. Before it, nation building and the chronic threat of war seemed to leave little room for worry about personal emotional problems. Esteem for the psychosciences was low, at least by Western standards. Since the 1973 war, public respect for psychiatry has risen sharply. For one thing, many psychiatrists and psychologists performed heroically during the conflict: they moved to the front with the troops to deal with battle shock on the spot; behind the lines they manned crisis centers to treat soldiers and civilians alike. Their work was doubly appreciated because the Yom Kippur War produced more psychological shock than any of the country's earlier wars. This was partly because there were so many casualties (about as many as the U.S. suffered at Pearl Harbor) and partly because the war abruptly dispelled the assumption of quick Israeli supremacy in battle.

"Traumatic recollections of the Yom Kippur War continue to haunt and obsess the Israelis," said former Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban two weeks ago in Tel Aviv at the First International Conference on Psychological Stress and Adjustment in War and Peace. The war was "a psychological disaster," added Psychologist Richard Lazarus of the University of California at Berkeley. It "may signal the start of a major personality change for Israelis." Constant political tensions, he added, have turned Israel into a "great natural laboratory" for the psychosciences.

In the Yom Kippur War, Israel saw an unexpectedly high number of its soldiers fighting personal breakdown, from conversion symptoms (paralysis of a healthy leg, for example) to panic, amnesia and other classic reactions of "battle shock." Some of the effects were new to Israelis. The need to abandon wounded comrades on the field during the heavy and continuous fighting, a denial of the Israeli army's code of behavior, was shattering. One Israeli machine gunner shot down so many Arabs that he fled in panic, obsessed by the idea of a pile of corpses blotting out the sun. Another soldier, unhurt when his halftrack was blown up, broke down because the machine had been his home and sole reference point in five days of fighting.

Civilian stress took different forms. One woman developed infantile anger when her pilot husband was killed—she had loved the "strong" pilot and could not accept his "weakness" in getting

killed. Another pattern among war widows was guilt for embarrassing friends by "forcing" them to express sympathy.

During the Yom Kippur War, Israeli women tended to bypass emergency public service and plunge into household tasks to relieve anxieties about loved ones at the front. For a while, the fledgling women's liberation movement in Israel seemed almost snuffed out. Now it is growing again, but the current crisis has helped reinforce traditional sexual roles. A recent survey of women showed that 90% of them felt that females should not take combat positions in the army. Despite the near constant threat to national survival, women have not fought since 1948.

Lazarus, an American Jew, gently

DAVID BUBBER



MOURNING THE YOM KIPPUR DEAD
"Middle knowledge" of danger.

suggested that the Israelis' belief that they can master any situation may have produced some scapegoating after the Yom Kippur War. His reasoning: if a war goes badly, a people who deeply believe their fate is in their own hands have no one to blame but their leaders. He also feels that Israelis may be employing "middle knowledge"—a term which refers to the process by which a dying person suppresses knowledge of his predicament in order to maintain hope.

Middle knowledge or not, surveys reported at the conference show strong national morale. In late November, following the triple shock of 43% devaluation, Arafat's United Nations speech and the Bet She'an massacre, the number of Israelis who felt confident that they could cope with the dangers they faced rose from 78% to 85%.

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Trouble over Trident

Since most military projects are intimately involved with national security, can't they be excused from the requirements of environmental law? That was the question at issue last week when a federal judge in Washington, D.C., refused to issue an injunction to halt construction of a base vital to the Navy's \$15 billion Trident submarine program. Judge George Hart's ruling set the stage for a February trial that will pit environmentalists and landowners against the Navy and a new type of "public interest" law firm.

The case dates back to 1973 when the Navy announced that it had chosen an 8,500-acre tract at Bangor near the

became that the base would destroy the area's natural beauty.

When the Navy's plans became clear, a group of local conservationists formed an organization called Concerned About Trident to preserve the canal. After construction of the base began last October, they joined with two summer residents (one is Economist Walter Heller, a presidential adviser in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations) and several environmental groups and went to court. Their attorney, David Sive, who is one of the U.S.'s leading environmental lawyers, focused on what he felt was the weak point in the Navy's justification for the base: it had not filed a proper environmental impact statement, a document that the Nation-

ists moved for a temporary, pretrial injunction to halt construction.

With that, a new party came to court to buttress the Navy's case: the Pacific Legal Foundation, a California-based "public interest" law firm. Most such firms represent exactly the sort of people who are taking on the Navy: the non-profit P.L.F., by contrast, represents business interests in environmental and social disputes. Last summer, for example, it had a hand in one successful suit to use banned DDT to control insects in Western timberlands. Supporting the Navy's argument, the P.L.F. contends that 1) the preservation of national defense has priority over environmental law, and 2) vital Executive Branch decisions, such as the one made by the Defense Department to build the Trident base, are not subject to judicial review because of the constitutional doctrine of separation of powers. Sive insists that what is at stake is simply whether the military is above "the rule of law." Both sides predict that no matter what the decision in federal district court next month, the case will eventually be appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The Biggest Prize

The world's most munificent award for scientific achievement is the John and Alice Tyler Ecology Prize. Established in 1973 as a bequest from the co-founder of the Farmers Insurance Group, it carries a tax-free emolument of \$150,000—more than the highest amount given Nobel prizewinners—and is awarded annually to the person who has done the most to improve the environment. Last year, when the first Tyler prize was given, the eight-member panel of judges somewhat diminished the impact of the award by dividing it among three men: Yale Ecologist G. Evelyn Hutchinson, Smog Expert A.J. Haagen-Smit and U.N. Environmental Chief Maurice Strong.

The judges did not make the same mistake this year. Winning hundreds of nominations from 15 countries, they chose the final recipient last week. She is Limnologist Ruth Patrick, 67, a much-honored pioneer in the study of water pollution, who is now chairman of Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences. "She has done more to develop ideas about stream pollution and to bring such ideas forcibly before the world of industry than anyone now working," says Hutchinson. Indeed, Patrick played a key role in shaping the U.S.'s clean water act. Next month she will fulfill the Tyler prize's only stipulation: that the winner be on hand to receive it. Patrick will attend a white-tie ceremony sponsored by California's Pepperdine University (which administers the award) to pick up her latest and biggest honor.

WORKMEN POURING CONCRETE AT SITE OF TRIDENT BASE NEAR BREMERTON, WASH. Looking at the gnats while ignoring the elephants.

northwestern corner of the state of Washington as the home base for its Trident submarines. To support these subs—*which are designed to replace the Polaris and Poseidon as nuclear deterrents*—the Navy planned a \$600 million complex with an estimated population of as many as 55,000 people. But the tract borders Hood Canal, a deep marine estuary leading off Puget Sound, and the more that local environmentalists learned about the Navy's plan the more convinced they

all Environmental Policy Act requires of all federal agencies before they decide to undertake construction projects.

The Navy had in fact spent \$600,000 producing a five-volume statement. But Sive charges that the statement was written not before but after the decision to build the base was made. Trident opponents also claim that while the document did touch on the base's potential effects on wildlife, it completely overlooked the effects on people—the increase in local population and the need for new schools, sewers, roads and police. Says local Attorney Philip Best: "The Navy was looking at gnats and ignoring the elephants." Environmental-

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The Quiet Chameleon

"Yeah, well... I think that... umm... you know... uh-hah." Actor Robert DeNiro is not voluble. Nor, offscreen, is he particularly visible. Lean, with lanky brown hair and narrow, green-brown eyes, a pallid face by turns near-handsome and homely, he has the protective coloration of a chameleon.

But turn a camera or raise a curtain on him and the reticent, barely described DeNiro undergoes a metamorphosis. In *Bang the Drum Slowly*, he remade himself into a slovenly, Southern-bumpkin, baseball player; in *Mean Streets*, into a jittery, petty street hoodlum. Now, with

dinner theaters, touring companies and a number of unsung independent films

Friends describe DeNiro as demonic, obsessive, perfectionist. He researches a role like a counterintelligence agent crammng for a new identity. In his tiny, crabbed script, he fills one small notebook after another with research. DeNiro says he concocts an entire biography for a character: "Where he is from, where he is going, how he holds his knife and fork." For *Bang the Drum*, DeNiro, who had never played baseball, spent weeks in south Georgia and in spring-training camps in Florida learning the life of a tobacco-chewing Dixie ballplayer. "The first day I got to Georgia," DeNiro recalls, "I met a guy in a pickup truck and he drove me around. I taped his voice, other voices, even the mayor of the town." As for the tobacco, "you get nauseous at first."

Since his *Godfather II* role was Sicilian to its molten core, he spent six weeks in Sicily mastering not only the regional dialect but a specific local variant. Challenged to play the young immigrant who would become the *Godfather* already defined by Marlon Brando, DeNiro armed himself with a video tape of Brando's performance. "I didn't want to do an imitation, but I wanted to make it believable that I could be him as a young man. I would see some little movements that he would do and try to link them with my performance. It was like a mathematical problem—having a result and figuring out how to make the beginning fit."

DeNiro grew up on the streets of Manhattan's Greenwich Village. His parents, both artists, were separated when he was two. At ten, he briefly attended Saturday acting classes at New York's New School but soon turned to "hanging around" in flashy silk suits. Says his mother: "His idea of high school was just not to show up." After unsuccessfully attending several, at 16 he quit altogether. A year later, he went back to drama classes and stayed.

He explains his decision to be an actor with difficulty: "At first, being a star was a big part of it. When I got into it, it became more complicated. To totally submerge into another character and experience life through him, without having to risk the real-life consequences—well, it's a cheap way to do things you would never dare to do yourself."

DeNiro guards his privacy as obsessively as he burrows into the details of

his characters. He still lives in the same \$75-a-month, two-room walk-up flat in which he grew up. The apartment is meagerly furnished, but it has two enormous closets stuffed with the props and trappings of a 19th century itinerant actor: hats, coats, canes, umbrellas, thrift-shop shirts and shoes.

Food Lover. Although not precisely a recluse, DeNiro is known for dropping out by dozing off at social events—most recently, under a table in the dining room at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Even close friends are accustomed to dinners at which he says little more than hello, thank you and goodbye.

But between the hail and farewell, there is the saving grace of food. He loves to eat, Friend Donald Sutherland notes, "and he goes at it the same way he does acting—with notebooks and everything." Indeed, the silent DeNiro can suddenly wax lyrical on the empyrean pasta glory of *cappelletti con prosciutto*.

Despite the avalanche of offers since the release of *Godfather II*, DeNiro remains reserved, cautious, determined to pick his roles with care and thus build up a coherent "body of work." Currently co-starring as the son of a rich Italian landowner in Bernardo Bertolucci's epic, *1900*, DeNiro is also gearing up for his next project, the title role in a new film by Martin Scorsese (*Mean Streets*) called *Taxi Driver*. He is already the proud possessor of a New York City hack license and plans to spend a month at the real thing—as perhaps New York's first ungabby cabbie.

Viewpoints

It is just **THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW** (NBC, Monday, 8 p.m. E.S.T.) now, not *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* as it was six years ago, when it was canceled for a controversialism more alleged than real (and ratings that were slipping). The new title is an example of truth in advertising, for the brothers' opening broadcast contained no comedy. A few expectant chuckles accompanied Tommy's prologue-monologue about the inverse relation between the Smothers' fortunes and Richard Nixon's. His uncertain promise that they were going to be good boys and stay away from politics raised hopes that wickedness might win out and they would at least let a Jerry Ford joke or something. No such luck—just a succession of laughless sketches, totally lacking any link with an identifiable aspect of life as it is lived by anyone, anywhere. Redd Foxx came off worst among the guest stars in a distasteful bit about mixed marriage. The Smothers are on a short-term contract, which means there are now only twelve weeks to go before the next six years of silence.

Richard Schickel



DENIRO FILMING BERTOLUCCI'S 1900
Cramming for a new identity.

his portrayal of the young Don Vito Corleone in *The Godfather, Part II*. DeNiro, 31, has come fully and formidably into his own as a character actor of range and depth.

DeNiro's young Don is a precise, elegant understatement, a portrait of a peasant aristocrat in an ill-fitting suit. His movements are sure, deliberate, cat-like, his eyes icy; he is most frightening in a single, beautiful smile that seems the last flicker of human warmth in a young man resolved to become a killer.

Notebook Research. DeNiro is not a Hollywood mad but a New York actor, a term loosely used to describe a certain style and attitude, with implications of seriousness, stage-oriented technique and lengthy, underpaid apprenticeship. DeNiro has been plugging away at his profession for 14 years, through workshop productions, off-off-Broadway,

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Kicking with Kung Fu

Back in 1844, social critics condemned the polka as a menace to life, limb and morality. They should have lived long enough to see the Kung Fu, the latest dance fad karateing the country. Inspired by the Oriental hand-to-hand combat form (via the weekly TV series of the same name) and a best-selling spin-off record called *Kung Fu Fighting*, the dance resembles a samurai samba.

Partners start by facing in opposite directions and bumping their hips together three or four times. Then there is a shift of the left foot so that the partners can face each other diagonally and rhythmically throw punches into the air. Next they move into a contact dance, as precisely orchestrated as a waltz, during which the male rains soft blows on the girl's derrière, striking her on beat. Some partners also aim mighty kicks at each other—without contact.

Kung Fu is essentially an Oriental successor to the Bump, which in turn was preceded on the dance floor by the Philly-Dog, the Boston Monkey, the Boogaloo, the Frug, the Roach, the Pony, the Watusi, the Mashed Potato, Jack-the-Ripper, the Fly, La Pachanga, the Dish Rag, the Slop, the Hully Gully, the Horse, the Twist and the Madison (renamed the Stomp). And before that, as exhumed by late-night World War II movies, there was Frank Sinatra jitterbugging.

Kung Fu, anthropologists of the dance note, is in fact one of the few dances since the jitterbug in which the derisives do have bodily contact—hand, bottom, and shoulder. Apparently invented in gay bars and black clubs, it percolated through the country, catching on in the Midwest, New York City

and Southern California. The Kung Fu kick has helped, in the process, to rejuvenate many moribund nightclubs, which serve up karate music as late as 4 a.m. "It's fun and it's easy," says a 15-year-old student from Detroit, "but you have to be extremely careful to space yourself. If one of your kicks connects, your partner may end up in the hospital." Polka, anyone?

Arms and the Mail

"Good news," began the letter post-marked Bath, Ohio. "Did you know your family has an exclusive, particularly beautiful coat of arms?" Such news would not be much of a revelation to the Du Ponts, Lowells, Saltonstalls or other aristocratic U.S. families. But the Difatta family of Chicago was surprised to hear the news. So, too, was J.D. Johnson of Oxon Hill, Md., who puts an "R.Ph." (for "registered pharmacist") after his signature. His letter read: "Good news for the R-PH family..."

Letters such as these, mistakes and all, are being delivered to hundreds of thousands of homes as a growing number of companies try to cash in on the profitable business of mail-order heraldry. Some of the firms claim to have extensive libraries consisting of thousands of documented coats of arms. Halbert's Inc. of Bath, Ohio, one of the largest and most aggressive companies, will produce (on pseudo parchment) "the

earliest known coat of arms registered to a person with the same surname"—for a mere \$2. When there is no known coat of arms for a family, Halbert's will create one using heraldic symbols that suggest the family's country of origin. Italian-sounding names, for example, might be represented by a cross, French by a fleur de lis, and Irish by a harp. Boasts Halbert's president, Dennis Haslinger: "We use everything from lions rampant to eagles fessant." If the customer likes the design, he can order more expensive models, including a \$350 de-luxe version called "Cathedral Oak" that consists of a 22-in.-high coat of arms mounted on a hand-carved board.

Boston's Sanson Institute of Heraldry puts coats of arms on everything from blazer patches (\$14.95) to watches (\$49.95). The American Heraldry Foundation in Clearwater, Minn., has a different approach. For a \$39.95 fee, customers can suggest the motif of their shields. The Beihoffers, a farming family from Buffalo Lake, Minn., for example, picked a horse and plowshare and a spool of thread (sewing is Opal Beihoffer's hobby) for their coat of arms; because marriage and the home are important to the family, they also chose a pair of intertwined rings and a front door (see cut). Says Marketing Manager James Sutton: "We got one request from a swine breeder. He didn't want just any pig, but his breed with its distinct-

SYMBOLS FOR MAKE-YOUR-OWN COAT OF ARMS: ATOMIC RESEARCHER, PLAYBOY CLUB FAN, BARTENDER, FAMILY MAN, CATTLE RANCHER, SALESMAN OR PUBLIC RELATIONS WORKER



tive characteristics on the shield."

There are some corporate customers, usually liquor companies anxious to upgrade their image with a coat of arms. But the vast majority are ordinary citizens, most of them without any noteworthy lineage. Explains Halbert's Haslinger: "People get their shields because they are turned off by being a social security number. They want to remind themselves that they are something special." Adds Ken Kandler, president of Sanson's: "We sell instant ego."

Some companies may sell instant deception as well. Halbert's and Sanson's carefully note that "no genealogical representation is intended or implied." Still, many genealogists are outraged by mail-order heraldry. "It's a search for the buck," complains Virginia Westhaeffer, president of the National Genealogical Society. "The implications are not honest. They would have people believe that every surname has a coat of arms and everyone with that surname has a right to it." In fact, genealogists note, only the eldest son of the eldest son in families whose ancestors actually bore arms are entitled to a shield. Says Gunther Pohl, chief of genealogy at the New York Public Library: "A similar surname does not entitle a person to claim a coat of arms." Kenn Stryker-Rodda of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society is "deeply concerned about the American public misleading itself in purchasing coats of arms by mail or in the corner drugstore."

The U.S. Postal Service shares that concern; it is considering filing a complaint against two offenders for false advertising, under the post office's false representation law. Explains Tom Ziebarth, a Postal Service attorney: "People should know that what they are getting for their money is in all probability a coat of arms that is the result of an artist's imagination."

FAMILY COAT OF ARMS



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Accent Group, Deluxe
Bumper Group, Wheel
covers, White sidewalls



Mustang II Mach 1
Option shown: Vinyl insert
body-side molding



Maverick 2-door Sedan
Options shown: Bumper Guards, White sidewalls

GENERAL DYNAMICS' SINGLE-ENGINE YF-16 FIGHTER AIRBORNE DURING PERFORMANCE TESTS

BUSINESS

AVIATION

The YF-16 Wins a Dogfight

The bars on Bomber Road outside the sprawling General Dynamics plant in Fort Worth began filling up as soon as the word came down from Washington, and there was plenty to celebrate. After a three-year commercial and political dogfight with a rival design built by the Northrop Corp. of Los Angeles, the company's single-engine YF-16 had finally won a bruising Air Force competition for a new generation of lightweight fighter-interceptors. The new machine is supposed to help the planners fight rising costs in military budgets, but that will not prevent it from yielding a bonanza in jobs, profits and aerospace-industry production contracts that will stretch well into the 1980s.

Barring any unforeseen problems, the Air Force's initial \$418 million order for 15 preproduction YF-16s will grow into a \$4.3 billion purchase of 650 planes at first, and perhaps another 400 planes later on. Although the Navy is looking closely at the Northrop jet, it too may decide to purchase a carrier version of the YF-16. Meanwhile, a consortium of four NATO allies—Belgium, The Netherlands, Norway and Denmark—is approaching a decision on whether to buy 350 of the planes. In the end, orders could total as many as 3,000 planes worth \$15 billion.

More Agile. The Air Force purchase alone could create up to 60,000 new jobs in the U.S. aerospace industry, where total employment has been static at about 968,000 for the past three years. Nearly 30% of the Air Force spending on the YF-16 would flow to Fort Worth; another large slice would go to the plants in Connecticut and Flor-

ida where Pratt & Whitney will build the YF-16s' \$1.5 million jet engines. General Dynamics last year overtook Lockheed as the U.S.'s largest defense contractor (total 1974 sales: about \$2 billion), but the order comes at a time when the company needs a long-term contract to pick up the slack caused by a drop-off in production of the costly (\$16 million each) F-111 swing-wing fighter-bomber. The YF-16 also offers General Dynamics an opportunity to polish up a reputation that was scarred by the cost overruns and mechanical problems that clouded the F-111 in the late 1960s.

The Air Force says it chose the YF-16 over Northrop's twin-engine design because it will cost less (\$4.6 million per plane, v. \$5 million) and offers "significant" advantages in performance; in 300 hours of testing, the YF-16 prototypes proved to be more agile at the Mach 2 speeds at which the planes were designed to fly. But General Dynamics also showed a shrewd appreciation of Pentagon pride and politics. To power the YF-16, the company chose the same Pratt & Whitney turbofan engines used in the Air Force's costly (\$12 million) but cherished new McDonnell Douglas F-15 Eagle long-range fighter. The General Dynamics fighter thus meshes neatly with the concept now gaining popularity in the Pentagon of a "Hi-Lo Mix" in weapons systems. In essence, the "mix" is an effort to make the really expensive items that the Defense Department wants (like the Eagle) more palatable to a skeptical Congress by pairing them with cheaper systems (like the YF-16) that use some of the same components and thus offer possible

cost savings through "commonality."

Abroad, the Air Force order appears to put the YF-16 well in the lead in a three-way race with the Northrop plane and France's Dassault Mirage F1-M53 for the consortium's business. Because they believe in the reliability of a twin-engine plane, the Dutch, the Danes and the Norwegians were leaning toward Northrop's YF-17. But they have said that if they buy an American fighter, they would probably choose the same one as the U.S. Air Force. Reason: unit costs would be lower. They are expected to announce a decision by spring. In the meantime, both Northrop and General Dynamics are offering the Europeans fat slices of subcontracting work. General Dynamics has promised that if all four NATO countries buy the YF-16, they will get back close to 90% of their \$2 billion investment.

Cash Bribes. The French have been working almost as hard to sell their latest Mirage, which is a refinement of a design that is already six years old and, experts say, obsolescent. If the Mirage is less agile and costlier (at \$6 million), the French claim that it is also faster (Mach 2.5) than its American rivals. Essentially, however, the French count on a buy-European argument.

The French appeal to Continental solidarity is strongest in the case of Belgium, which has a Dassault plant that would close down if an American plane is chosen. But French influence is less powerful elsewhere; Amsterdam's public prosecutor, for example, is unhappily investigating charges that Dassault has offered cash bribes of up to \$600,000 to Dutch members of Parliament to favor the Dassault plane. Lately some top French aviation officials have begun to admit privately that their once high hopes of staving off a big success by American plane salesmen in Europe this year may be—well—a mirage.

OIL

Petrodollar Compromise

U.S. and European officials last week ended their dignified but deep-seated dispute over how best to recycle the oil producers' surplus cash to countries needing emergency help in paying fuel bills (TIME, Jan. 20). The Europeans had been arguing for lending through an International Monetary Fund "facility" bankrolled directly by OPEC nations. The money would be borrowed at market rates and re-lent—on the guarantee of IMF members—more or less automatically to consuming countries according to the size of their oil-related deficits. The U.S. objected to the idea of a special IMF unit that would make loans without scrutinizing a borrower's overall economic housekeeping. It favored a financial "safety net," funded largely by oil money already flowing through the Western banking system, that would make loans on a more discriminating basis. After meeting in Washington, finance ministers of the ten leading industrial countries came up with a logical compromise: they will adopt both proposals in modified form.

For now, the basic mechanism for crisis loan making will be an expansion of the IMF's present oil facility, organized last year by Managing Director Johannes Witteveen. The Europeans had advocated borrowing an additional \$10 billion to \$12 billion from the oil producers for the Witteveen facility this year; but to assuage the U.S., they agreed to add only \$6 billion to the \$12 billion presently in the fund. The Europeans also agreed that oil-import levels will no longer be the sole criterion for granting loans.

Big Band-Aid. The Witteveen facility is intended to last only one year; in all likelihood, the parent IMF will begin making ordinary loans to oil consumers when the facility's funds are exhausted. By that time, however, the much bigger, \$25 billion safety net designed by the U.S. to aid industrial nations should also be in operation. All 24 members of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development are to participate in the plan. Each time a member nation is granted a loan, all the other members would assume a set percentage of the risk. The U.S. would be the leading guarantor with about a 25% share of the net and would have the biggest say in which countries get loans and under what terms.

The peaceful end to the row was inevitable, given the severity of the economic problems facing the consuming nations. No matter how they are recycled, oil loans are just a massive Band-Aid; real relief cannot come until consuming nations find lasting ways to crawl out of their oil deficits. As Henri Simonet, vice president of the European Commission, bluntly puts it: "Recycling is only another word for indebtedness."



ROUSTABOUT LYNDA ARMSTRONG AT WORK

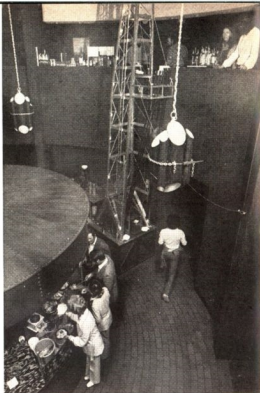
INDUSTRY

A Golden Flood Returns

When a wandering oil wildcatter named Steve Owens brought in the first producing oil well in West Texas 54 years ago, a local newspaper headline rhapsodized that THE GOLDEN FLOOD IS STRUCK. Before long, oilmen and adventurers from all over the country converged by the thousands on the flat, dry plain that spreads over nearly 100,000 square miles through Texas and New Mexico. Known as the Permian Basin, the area became one of the nation's biggest oilfields; it accounts for about 20% of U.S. domestic oil production.

Today the golden flood is returning. As one result of the national drive for greater energy independence, the Permian Basin is booming again. Now rising above the West Texas city of Midland (pop. 63,000), which serves as the white-collar headquarters town for the oil companies operating in the area, are a multimillion-dollar 14-story office tower and that symbol of a successful city, a Hilton hotel. A half-hour's drive away is Midland's twin city, Odessa, a blue-collar town built around a sprawl of refineries and oil-well service and supply firms. There the boom is reflected not in the skyline but in the HELP WANTED notices outside the machine shops and the POWDER ROOM signs inside them. Skilled labor is so short—1,500 jobs are currently going begging—that firms are hiring women to train as machinists, drivers and even roustabouts. Of the 150 employees at Miether Machine Works, 33 are women—all hired in the past few months.

The business of drilling for oil and supplying those who do it is booming not so much because of new discoveries as because of new prices. During the 1960s and early 1970s, when domestic crude sold for an average of \$3 per bbl.



THE OILPATCH RESTAURANT IN ODESSA
And powder rooms for machinists.

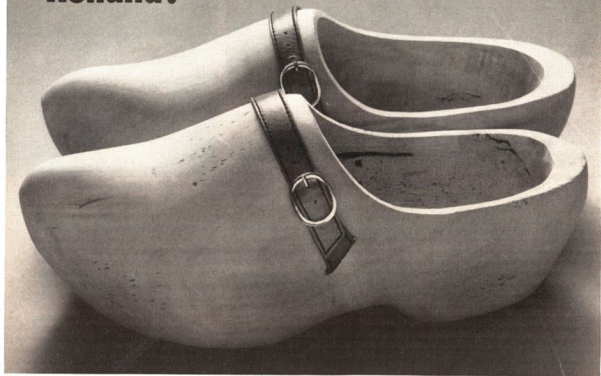
Odessa and Midland sat on the prairie like towns in which the clocks had stopped. Oilmen capped marginal wells, sold their drilling equipment abroad or simply abandoned it in the fields; oilfield hands moved on to Canada or Alaska, or took other jobs. But then, in September 1973, Congress allowed "new" oil—produced above a 1972 base level—to float up to the world price, now about \$11 per bbl. Suddenly, the producers, promoters, roughnecks and fortune hunters flocked back in droves to the oldtime West Texas boomtowns—and they are still coming.

Some Snags. Employers are paying handsomely for help. In the past six months, the wages of general oilfield workers have moved up from \$6 to \$6.44 an hour, first-class machinists who got \$3.50 last summer are getting \$5.65 an hour, while stenographers have jumped from \$400 to \$705 a month. Lynda Armstrong, 31, abandoned her ambition to be a nightclub singer to earn \$1,000 a month as an oil-patch roustabout. "I'm no women's libber," she says. "I just want to do it if I can and let them pay me."

With oil revenues cascading into their city, Odessans enthusiastically approved a \$20 million bond issue for the expansion of their hospital—at a time when larger cities have been voting down far more modest proposals.

There are some snags, however. While thousands of new arrivals have been able to land good jobs quickly, more than a few end up dealing with freelance employment "agents." Typically, they hire down-and-out job seek-

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TIME

For multinational marketing

ers to work at the wells for \$4.50 an hour. The catch: the agent gets the \$4.50 and takes \$2 for himself before passing it on.

Another severe problem is housing, which has failed to expand to accommodate the explosive growth of Odessa's population—from 93,000 to 102,500 last year. Even those with money are often forced to leave for lack of a home, and Odessa churches and citizens have bought dozens of bus tickets for the destitute. Housing is somewhat more plentiful in Midland but is far too expensive—and distant—for the average oil-patch laborer. "Midland is a good place to raise children," goes the local saying. "Odessa is a good place to raise hell."

Indeed, the restaurant and nightclub business in Odessa is thriving along with the boom. Patrons often have to wait for 45 minutes on weekends for a table at the Oilpatch, one of the most expensive spots in town. For Herbert Graham, 35, and his brother Phillip, 34, business is so good that they have been able to earn back their original \$100,000 investment in The Other Place, a discotheque they opened a year ago, in just five months. Last month they opened another nightclub, the Continental Cowboy. "We were thinking of going out of town to build," says Herb, "but our bankers said don't do it. This is where the action will be for the next ten years."

WALL STREET

Options on the Amex

With slumping sales volume still plaguing the U.S. securities industry, the American Stock Exchange last week inaugurated a new type of trading that brokers hoped would lure more small investors—and the commissions they pay—back to the market. Inspired by the success of the Chicago Board Options Exchange, first organized in 1973 as an offshoot of the Chicago Board of Trade, the Amex has brought trading in stock futures or "call options" to Wall Street.

Playing the options market can be tricky, but it does offer several advantages to the small investor with limited assets. Like speculators in wheat, corn or gold futures on the commodities exchanges, an investor dealing in options buys a contract (the option) guaranteeing him the right to the purchase of 100 shares of a common stock at an agreed-upon price any time within three, six or nine months. While the Federal Reserve Board requires those who buy stock directly to put up at least 50% of its cost in cash at the time of purchase, the option trader need only put up what the option seller demands: usually 5% to 20% of the value of his shares.

If the stock for which the investor holds an option jumps in value, he can then buy the shares at the prearranged rate, resell them at the higher market price and, after subtracting the option premium and usual broker's selling com-

mission, perhaps turn a profit. Or he can sell the option itself at a higher price and take a capital gain without even buying the stock. If the shares drop in value, the investor can choose not to buy them; in this case his loss is limited to his original investment in the option.

The Amex is currently handling options trading in the shares of 13 companies, among them Du Pont, Union Carbide and U.S. Steel; it plans to increase its list to 20 stocks before long. Early investor interest was high, and Amex officials hope to do at least as well with options as the Chicago Board Options Exchange. C.B.O.E. members now collect commissions on an average daily volume of 40,000 option sales. Partly as a result, the price of seats on the C.B.O.E. has jumped from \$10,000 to \$40,000 in just 21 months.

RETAILING

Grants Cuts Back

In the 69 years since it was founded as a 25¢ variety store in Lynn, Mass., the W.T. Grant Co. had never failed to ring up an annual profit. Indeed, until recently it had been pursuing a headlong expansion program. But last week Chairman James G. Kendrick confirmed rumors that had been sweeping the industry for months: Grant's profits and progress had both come to a stunning halt. After a grim meeting with Grant's bankers at the chain's new Manhattan headquarters, Kendrick said that the company would report a loss of \$175 million for the past year. In a massive retrenchment program, it would also shut down at least 126 of its 1,182 stores, and complete the release or retirement of 12,600 of its 82,500 employees.

Grant's deficit is not the largest in American business history—the Anacosta Co., for example, lost \$356 million when Chile nationalized its copper mines in 1970, and Penn Central recorded a \$560 million loss in 1971—but it is one of the biggest ever posted by a retailer.

Grant's problems started with the expansion program begun in the 1960s by one of Kendrick's predecessors, Louis Lustenberger. Between 1969 and 1973, the firm opened no fewer than 376 new stores (on one especially busy day, 15 new Grants outlets opened their doors to the public). Industry analysts note that even the best-managed new chain stores usually do not draw enough customers to begin showing a profit until they have been in operation for three or four years; not too long ago, however, almost half of Grant's stores were less than five years old.

At the same time, Grants developed an identity problem: having always pursued a bargain-minded blue-collar trade, the chain suddenly began broadening and upgrading its lines of clothing, furnishings and appliances in an ap-

parent effort to try to compete with J.C. Penney and Sears. To make these costlier goods easy to buy, the company peddled a variety of credit-card plans that eventually led it into a financial cul-de-sac. To buy inventory, Grants borrowed heavily at high rates, and then had to wait for customers to pay their bills.

Grants was still looking for the customers to go along with the classier image it was trying to create when the recession arrived; sales dropped, unsold goods piled up—and so did Grant's interest bills. In 1973 alone, Grant's interest costs jumped from \$21 million to \$51 million. To unload its excess goods, Grants slashed prices by as much as 50% in pre-Christmas sales last month; as a result, total sales fell by a painful 5% in dollar terms in 1974. When the company was unable to meet a \$40 million payment on a \$600 million short-term

MICHAEL EVANS



EMPTY AISLES AT A NEW YORK GRANTS
Identity problems.

loan a few weeks ago, its bankers decided to step in.

Although the combination of inflation and recession has been squeezing profits hard at a number of big chains—among them Sears, J.C. Penney, Montgomery Ward and Kresge—U.S. retailers as a whole are not in as bad shape as Grant's troubles might suggest. Kendrick, 61, a former Grant's floorman who took over as chairman last September, believes that the chain's slide can be reversed before too long. He plans to cut back to a "hard core" of 900 stores by 1977, slash capital spending by 90% in 1975, and return to the low-cost soft goods that once made the chain so profitable. For the time being, Grant's creditors are cooperating by deferring loan payments. Not only Grants is at stake: were the chain to collapse, many of the 8,000 or so firms that supply it could topple as well.



NOVELIST MAUREEN HOWARD

Lost Generation

BEFORE MY TIME

by MAUREEN HOWARD

241 pages. Little, Brown. \$6.95.

Traditional novelists toss pebbles into domestic pools and then take notes. The postwar fashion has been to track these projectiles directly into the muck below, but there is another, older way. As masters like Henry James and Virginia Woolf knew, the ripples on the surface can bedevil the eye and engage the mind. *Before My Time* brushes up this earlier technique. It transforms a brief disturbance of hearth and home into an age of anxiety.

Laura Quinn, fortyish, opens her suburban Boston home to Jim Cogan, 17, the son of Bronx relatives. He is awaiting arraignment in New York, charged with involvement in a lunatic guru's plot to blow up the public library. His future is on the line. If she hopes to persuade him to change, Laura realizes, she will have to put her past on the line too.

So far, so predictable: Matron meets the Son of Counterculture. Laura obediently bridles at the "spiritual onanism that leads these fools, these mindless children, to glorify themselves, or the self and its own ignorance." She is also physically stirred by Cogan, a shaggy "Montaigne in love beads, discarding whole areas of Western culture that do not serve him." Laura counterattacks with her "small focus of self-knowledge, the sweep of history," watches her admonitions founder against his coltish arrogance and her own proliferating self-doubts.

Then nothing and something happen. Laura and Jim remain at logger-

heads, while a swarm of supporting players takes over the stage. Laura's beloved brother, killed in Korea, returns to haunt her. Bearing a blunted spear is her husband Harry, a disappointed lawyer-politician now resigned to tinkering with the Massachusetts Democratic Party machine. In come Jim's parents, a bewildered, gin-swilling mother and a gambling father off on a lifetime losing streak. The cast swells to include an Italian immigrant, a Jewish real estate tycoon and assorted Cogan relatives. Without warning, what might have been just another serving of tea and sympathy has become a documentary on U.S. civilization and its discontents.

Some of the stories of these interjected characters seem overheard; others are told by Laura herself. Their precise meanings are elusive, their relevance to Laura indeterminate. Yet all equate the passing of time with irreparable loss, and Laura comes to understand the relationship between her dead brother and Jim: "I want to be as he is now, to crouch at the starting line and I'm furious that it can't be."

Before My Time conveys a range of details and events that would be impressive in a novel twice as long. Although the design appears casual, the book's power is in its language. Time and again, a part is successfully substituted for a whole. One swallow can a summer make, if described with enough care, just as one scene can conjure up a lifetime. So a costumed hippie wandering the streets is pinned with words: "A child who has lost its role in the Christmas play." Quietly dropped epigrams cause wide ripples: "Family life is like the classics played in modern dress by an amateur troop. Vulgarized version of the

old tales." Maureen Howard published two novels in the '60s that gained her a small following. After her first marriage to an English professor broke up, she married another, and now lives with him and her teen-age daughter in Greenwich Village. Although she is teaching a course at the New School in autobiographical writing, she says that *Before My Time* is not based on her life: "I tend to imagine and lie." She spent four interrupted years on the novel. "I would like to write faster," she says, "but life intervenes." That, triumphantly, is exactly what happens in her novel. ■ Paul Gray

Endgame

THE CIVIL WAR, A NARRATIVE:

RED RIVER TO APPOMATTOX

by SHELBY FOOTE

1,106 pages. Random House. \$20.

Starting in the mid-'50s, perhaps after publication of Bruce Catton's *A Stillness at Appomattox* in 1953, Americans developed a kind of hobbyist's passion for the Civil War. It may even have been a subliminally sinister fad. The Supreme Court's 1954 *Brown* decision reawakened sectional fervors—an impulse in some to fight it out again, not on crass and specific racial grounds but over the once bloody, somehow romantic battle-grounds of history. Buffs dragged their children in Yankee or Rebel caps over the cemetery farm land of Gettysburg, fast growing commercial. Book clubs offered multivolume histories such as Allan Nevins' *The Ordeal of the Union* and Carl Sandburg's grandiloquent *Abraham Lincoln*. Catton, with his 13 volumes, became the distinguished popularizer of the Civil War, his work deep-

UNION TROOPS MASSSED BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., NEAR WAR'S END



ly researched and written with a vivid immediacy.

The same year that Michigan-born Catton won his Pulitzer Prize for *A Stillness at Appomattox*, Mississippi-born Novelist Shelby Foote began what was to have been a short, one-volume history of the war. Now, 20 years and 2,934 pages later, he has completed his history with this third volume. It is a pity that the Civil War had seems to have abated; a historical narrative as rich in detail and purely exciting as Foote's deserves an audience of amateurs as well as professionals.

Unlike Nevins and Catton, Foote devotes little space to the political context of the war—the angry riptides of the 1850s, the drift into disaster. His attention is focused on the fighting itself—fortifications, tactics, the strange chemistries of leadership, the workings in the generals' minds. Among other things, Foote moves armies and great quantities of military information with a lively efficiency. This volume covers the final year of the war, from the campaigns in western Louisiana and Arkansas to the terrible endgame in the East, with Grant clamping down on Petersburg and Richmond and Sherman burning his way through the guts of the rebellion with his hard-war sayings: "War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it. . . I can make this march, and make Georgia howl!"

Pleasure Expedition. Though a Southerner, Foote's judgments are even-handed. He admires Sherman as an implacable tactician while amply describing the depredations that Uncle Billy's "bummers" committed as they marched to the sea. Sherman, says Foote, "hoped to keep nonmilitary damage to a minimum, but he made it clear that if guerrillas or other civilians attempted to interfere with his progress, 'then army commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless.'" Sherman's people got the idea. All over the countryside, Yankees were seen jamming rods into the earth, searching for the jewels and silver that plantation owners' wives had buried. One Yankee veteran declared: "This is probably the most gigantic pleasure expedition ever planned." In Georgia alone, before he swung north for the Carolinas, Sherman inflicted about \$100 million in damages.

Foote deals almost too fairly with Grant as well, although the general in chief's meat-grinder warfare down through the Wilderness and Spotsylvania to Richmond amounted to a kind of condemnation of the man, no matter what his ultimate success. Grant sometimes spent soldiers so profulgantly that at last even the seemingly limitless manpower of the North seemed about to run out. At Cold Harbor, Lee devised such an intricate system of crossfires for the ill-prepared Grant that as Foote says, "never before, in this or perhaps any other war, had so large a body of troops

been exposed to such a concentration of firepower."

Grant lost more than 7,000 men, most of them in the first eight minutes of battle. Before the fight, a young West Pointer noticed "that the men were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper and pinning them on the backs of their coats, so that their bodies might be recognized and their fate made known to their families at home." A bloodstained diary taken from a dead Federal had this final entry: "June 3. Cold Harbor. I was killed."

Foote's scholarship is obviously extensive, but he is also a gifted storyteller and assembler of vignettes. He includes nice touches of grand illusion. When Bedford Forrest led his Confederate cavalrymen on a raid into occupied Memphis, one of his officers captured the uniform of the Federal commander, C.C. Washburn, and proudly displayed it as a trophy. Forrest gallantly returned the uniform to Washburn under a flag of truce. Some weeks later, also under a flag of truce, Washburn sent Forrest a fine gray uniform made to measure by the cavalryman's own prewar Memphis tailor. As Jefferson Davis' special train left Richmond, abandoning the city to the Yankees, Foote writes, it was followed by others bearing "the marvelous and incongruous debris of the wreck of the Confederate capital." As one young lieutenant observed, "There were very few women on these trains, but among the last in the long procession were trains bearing indiscriminate cargoes of men and things. In one car was a cage with an African parrot and a box of tame squirrels and a hunchback! Everybody, not excepting the parrot, was wrought up to a pitch of intense excitement." As the Confederacy was closing down, a woman diarist wrote in wonderful magnolia prose: "There they go, the gay and gallant few, the last flower of Southern manhood."

The war was begun in a sense by one madman, John Brown, and ended by another, John Wilkes Booth, as Foote says. At any rate, it introduced modern America. Perhaps it was a sardonic premonition that after Lee and Grant met at Appomattox, souvenir hunters wrecked the house where the surrender was signed.

■ Lance Morrow

Infernal Triangle

MONSIEUR

by LAWRENCE DURRELL
305 pages, Viking, \$8.95

Lawrence Durrell has always made better sound than sense, but his cadenzas are so splendidly overripe (the effect being that of Berlioz played by an orchestra of gondoliers) that his novels have not suffered in the least. They are clever, evocative, atmospheric and essentially unserious.

Monsieur is no exception. The au-

thor of the lush and intricate *Alexandria Quarter* here invents a novelist named Blanford, who invents a novelist named Sutcliffe, who caricatures Blanford mercilessly as "Blushford," a bestselling hack. The book is one of those box-within-box amusements: Sutcliffe, as a character in a novel by Blanford, cracks up in the process of writing a novel in which he misinterprets the situations of some of his friends, other Blanford characters. These convolutions lead to the expectable mild ironies of viewpoint, but the plot is too sketchily developed to constitute the novel's reason for being. It seems rather to be a private joke at which Durrell, smiling at his own writerish tics, then smiles at himself smiling at himself.

This impression is supported by the equally sketchy handling of the novel's two other main scenes—each of them



AUTHOR LAWRENCE DURRELL
Mummy wafers.

powerful enough to drive an 800-page novel of its own. The first is of a consuming and endearing love affair involving three Blanford characters (who are also written about disapprovingly by Sutcliffe). One of them is Bruce Drexel, an English doctor who has spent his life in the diplomatic service. The others are Piers de Nogaret, a French diplomat whose career paralleled that of Bruce, and Piers' fey sister Sylvie.

All three, in various combinations, have been lovers. As the novel opens, Bruce, who has retired, has been summoned to the Nogaret château near Avignon by the news of Piers' suicide. Sylvie, who slid sweetly into madness years before, lives near by in a mental hospital. Bruce, as imagined by Blanford, is swamped by memories. The most haunting and troublesome are of

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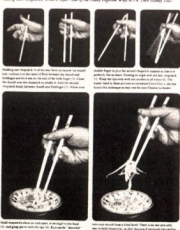
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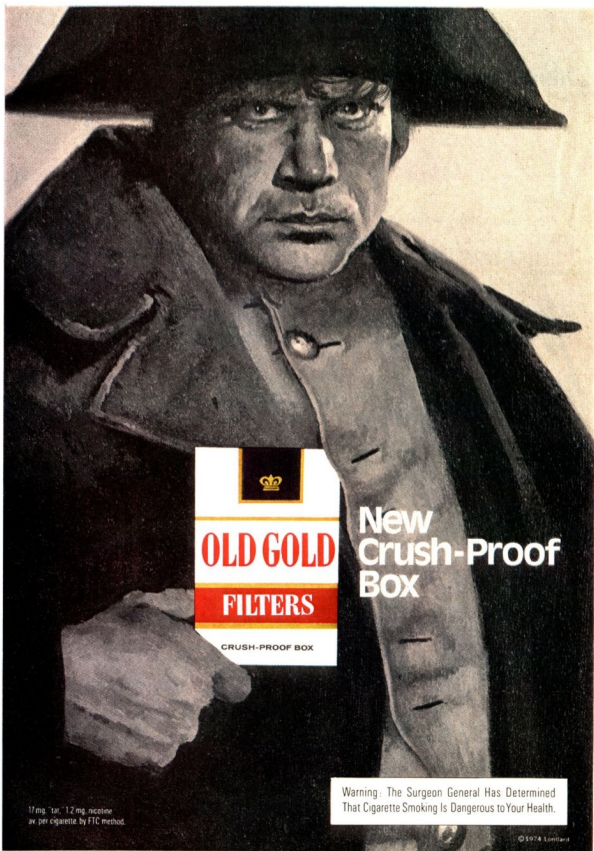
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BOOKS

the young lovers' involvement years before in Egypt with a Gnostic cult that views the universe as "a quiet maggotry," and believes that the sorry state of the world began when the rightful, benign lord of creation was displaced by an evil usurper.

Sylvie and Bruce eventually dropped away from active membership, which included drug rites, snake worship and eating crackling wafers of mummy flesh. But to Piers the ancient Gnostic beliefs became central. With a scholar friend, he linked the Gnostics' world-scoring pessimism with the still mysterious downfall of the Knights Templar. The Templars flourished as a chivalric order during the Crusades, eventually becoming one of the strongest financial, military and political forces in Europe, only to be swept away abruptly in the 14th century by the Inquisition on unconvincing charges of heresy and sexual deviation.

The theory advanced in Durrell's book is that the Templars were crushed because they had become Gnostics, and the implication is left in the air that they allowed themselves to be destroyed as an act of mass suicide. It is clear, at least, that Piers' own death was a Gnostic turning-away.

Obviously there is far too much material here for a conventional novel. Durrell's book could be seen as a sheaf of sketches and diagrams for another quartet of novels, and the objection could be made that in its present form nothing really is carried through to completion. But as always, the real subject of Durrell's writing is the flow of astonishing sense impressions left by his elegant words. The book is light, intelligent and agreeable; it simply lacks the density to be important, and so much the worse for density. ■ John Skow

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (2 last week)
- 2—Centennial, Michener (1)
- 3—Something Happened, Heller (3)
- 4—The Pirate, Robbins (4)
- 5—Lady, Tryon (6)
- 6—Jaws, Benchley (5)
- 7—The Ebony Tower, Fowles (7)
- 8—Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, le Carré (8)
- 9—The Dogs of War, Forsyth (10)
- 10—Harlequin, West (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—All Things Bright and Beautiful, Herriot (1)
- 2—The Palace Guard, Rather & Gates (2)
- 3—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (3)
- 4—Strictly Speaking, Newman (4)
- 5—Tales of Power, Castaneda (5)
- 6—Supership, Mostert
- 7—A Bridge Too Far, Ryan (6)
- 8—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry
- 9—The Memory Book, Lorayne & Lucas (7)
- 10—The Ultra Secret, Winterbatham

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RELIGION

A Prophet in Peril

One day a "repairman" visited the home of a pious Ukrainian Baptist in Kiev, supposedly to fix an electric meter. In fact, he was there to install a listening device so that secret police could monitor the premises. Last March 30, when the family's pastor came to the house, police pounced and arrested him for illicit religious activities.

The pastor is Georgi Vins, 46, the best-known leader of 100,000 or more *Initiativniki* (Initiators) who have split from the main body of Soviet Baptists. Stubborn and courageous, Vins is the latest in a line of Baptists from John Bunyan to Martin Luther King Jr. who have gone to jail for defying the state on grounds of conscience. Though the plight of Soviet Jews and intellectuals is far better publicized in the West, Baptists have suffered every bit as much. At least 700 have been jailed, and one civil rights leader reports that Baptists have comprised more than one-third of the known political prisoners during the past two decades.

Secret Letter. The trouble began 15 years ago with a Communist crackdown on the 535,000-member All-Union Council of Evangelical Christians-Baptists, which is the largest body of Soviet Protestants. (President Nixon visited their main church during the 1972 Moscow summit.) Under pressure from the government, the All-Union Council in 1960 sent a stringent "Letter of Instructions" to its district overseers. This secret letter, published fully only last year by the authoritative U.S. journal *Religion in Communist Dominated Areas*, urged church officials to be strict in their enforcement of Soviet laws against religious training and baptism for youths. It also told them to suppress "unhealthy missionary manifestations." Convinced that their official church had become a tool of the atheistic regime, Vins and other Baptist leaders founded their own unauthorized church council. They also launched a vigorous civil rights campaign, including perhaps the most remarkable mass demonstration in Moscow since the Revolution. For his role in all this, Vins was sentenced to three years in labor camps.

Such protest was a family heritage. Vins' father Pyotr, who went to the U.S. to study for the ministry in Rochester, N.Y., and Louisville, was jailed three times for resisting party encroachments on church life and died in a Siberian labor camp. In the same period a Vins cousin also died in Siberia, an uncle was jailed, and an aunt somehow survived 17 years in a camp. Despite his father's fate, young Georgi managed to earn degrees in engineering and economics, but in the early '60s he became a full-time church worker.

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After release from his first jail term, he became a pastor in Kiev but was later ordered to do a year of compulsory factory labor. Fearing worse charges to come, he went underground in 1970. Till last spring's capture he led the life of a Fundamentalist Dan Berrigan, eluding government agents as he traveled about, preaching and organizing.

While Vins has been held in a Kiev jail awaiting trial, his mother Lydia, 68, herself fresh from a three-year term, has tried to rally Western support, seeking in particular, a sympathetic lawyer. The Christians' response has been quiet and ineffectual. The World Council of Churches requested information and permission to send an observer, but got no reply. The Vins family approved a Norwegian judge as counsel, but he and three members of Parliament who wanted to attend the trial were refused visas. Last month Baptist World Alliance leaders—in Moscow for the All-Union

SLAVICA MISSION



JAILED BAPTIST GEORGI VINS
"He called us atheists."

Council's first meeting since 1969 —asked the government for a chance to visit Vins and observe his trial but were turned down. Meanwhile, the All-Union Council's plea for amnesty for all Baptist prisoners has led to the release of 50 of them. Baptist General Secretary Aleksei Bichkov, however, plans no special appeal for Vins, whom he considers an extremist with a martyr complex: "He is the most zealous of our opponents. He has called us atheists."

The government's current strategy is to undercut the Baptist underground by building up the All-Union Council and its support in the West; some concessions have been granted the council, and its membership is up. But prospects are bleak for the rival movement. Thousands of *Initiativniki* have been forced back into the All-Union Council or outside of all organized religion. For Vins himself, the future almost certainly holds a sentence of up to ten years, since acquittal in political cases is virtually unknown. Vins' wife and four children fear that given his shaky health, he will follow his father into martyrdom.

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During the past 100 years Brazil's 29 rulers have included Portuguese monarchs, populist revolutionaries, fascist generals and moderate republicans. Regardless of era or ideology, all have faced a common adversary: *O Estado de São Paulo*, Brazil's foremost newspaper. On a continent where journalistic rebels perish quickly and most surviving publications are servile in spirit, *O Estado* stands out as a durable, responsible independent. The paper so treasures its freedom that last month, on the 100th anniversary of its founding, it publicly still admitted to only 95 years of independent existence; the years 1940-45 are excluded because Dictator Getúlio Vargas had seized control of the paper then.

Some Crusades. Before and after that interregnum, three generations of the Mesquita family have maintained the paper's integrity. Politically, *O Estado* has remained moderately conservative. Thus the paper has retained a power base among the rich while occasionally fighting for progressive causes. Julio Mesquita, grandfather of the present director, Julio de Mesquita Neto, was the son of landowners who gave up law for journalism. During the 1870s the paper crusaded successfully to abolish slavery. After the monarchy was overthrown, Mesquita supported the creation of a republic. Later, many regimes tried to suppress *O Estado*, and Mesquita was once imprisoned briefly in 1924.

At his death in 1927, his son, Julio

de Mesquita Filho, assumed control and battled Brazilian governments in the '30s and '40s. Twice Mesquita Filho was forced into exile. By 1964 he was back in São Paulo wielding political influence himself. He plotted with the military to overthrow leftist João Goulart, whom he suspected of heading toward totalitarianism. Once in power, however, the new rulers turned authoritarian, and *O Estado* again found itself in opposition.

At Filho's death in 1969, his son, Julio de Mesquita Neto, took over the paper. He has continually defied the government's request for self-censorship. Instead, when the censors cut stories, he filled the blank space with excerpts from Poet Luis Vaz de Camões epic work *Os Lusitadas*, about Portuguese adventures in the Orient. The paper has also resisted in other ways. Its correspondent in Recife publicly identified the chief of Fourth Army intelligence; the reporter was severely tortured, but finally let go. Other *O Estado* stories on student protests, strikes and treatment of political prisoners have brought pressures from the police.

Required Reading. Mesquita's editorial page remains rigidly anti-Communist. It abhors any tinkering with private enterprise. But the news columns have a less conservative tone. The paper's liberal reporters are not compelled to follow the boss's views.

The staff is large enough—445 reporters, stringers and editors—to provide the most comprehensive coverage of any South American paper. Despite a

be nullified. In the old days, *O Estado* would have been censored. Says Julio Mesquita: "*Estado* will not change its opinions. Under a totalitarian regime, we will be oppressed and continue to fight for freedom. Under a free regime, we will worry about the dangers and excesses of democracy. It's really easier for Brazil to change than it is for *Estado* to change."

Fishing Trip

What with Watergate and economic woes, TV news coverage of the Federal Government rarely ventures into whimsy. On Sunday evening, however, CBS will devote a prime-time hour to a documentary about an innocent's tour of the bureaucracy during which the tourist learns little but the viewer gleams much.

In Mr. Rooney Goes to Washington. Veteran TV Writer-Producer Andrew A. Rooney is allowed to poke into agency offices, asking impertinent questions and sizing up the federal establishment. The winner of an Emmy and other awards, Rooney has written TV essays on such subjects as doors, chairs and bridges. His beat is not politics, and at first his meanderings through the capital seem almost pointless. Yet he is a master at extricating the revealing from the commonplace, and he soon accumulates enough eccentric encounters to indicate that Franz Kafka would feel at home in Washington today.

No Replies. Rooney visits the General Services Administration to ask for a list of Government-owned buildings in Washington; GSA demands \$150 for the index. He attends a ceremony honoring Government workers for cutting down on paper but begins to realize that the occasion has generated reams of memorandums and press releases.

Repeatedly, Rooney tries to phone one private contractor who is presumably performing the innocent task of re-writing all Navy technical manuals on a 9th-grade reading level; no one will talk to Rooney. He stops by to chat with Admiral Frederick Palmer, who is directing the textbook project for the Navy. The Admiral admits that he is not familiar with the name of the company or the contents of the study. Rooney drops in on a congressional committee session to hear a New Hampshire Congressman defend disaster relief for people in ski areas where there is no snow. The reporter asks wily, "Is not snowing a natural disaster?" Though Rooney never finds out anything very substantive, his excursion is worthwhile. Gratuitous secrecy, he reminds his audience, flows through Washington as naturally as the Potomac. It would be useful if TV, and print journalism as well, waded into the shallows more often to see what the little fish are doing.



JULIO DE MESQUITA NETO & HIS CENSORED FRONT PAGE



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